

Goldwater's Good Deeds *The Editors*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

August 22, 1964, 35 cents

The Cops in Harlem

Murray Kempton

Sonic Boom Town — Robert Burkhardt

Dreiser's "Tragedy" — Irving Howe

Early Retirement — Merton C. Bernstein

Wealth and Justice — Ronald Goldfarb

Next in Mississippi — Christopher Jencks

RENEWSPAPER
BURLINGTON VT

UNIVERSITY OF VERMONT
12-64 K26744 AR11-13-1

T.R.B.

from
Hawaii

The Porpoise

★ Keiki's blowhole opened on top of his head with a gasp, and instantly closed again like a rubber plunger going into a sink. Then he turned over, and I rubbed his belly, which felt like a wet inner tube. When I wouldn't give him any more attention he splashed me accurately. Porpoises are unbelievable.

Later they moved Keiki out to the lagoon, on a wet mattress covered with towels to prevent sunburn. The place looked like a film set with Humphrey Bogart about to step out from behind the coconut palms, followed by a slinky Eurasian. First Mary, and then 10-year-old Susie, got in with Keiki, who was lonesome, and they hung on to his dorsal fin while he towed them. His companionable pleasure was indisputable, like a dog.

He was doglike, too, when Ken Norris reproached him for a poor start in the trial speed tests they were making, controlled by underwater buzzer signals. Keiki looked up, puzzled, and promptly moved back into his "cage," a kind of cast-away tennis court. The buzzer signal sent him off, this time like a bolt. You could see Keiki was trying to *understand*. He wasn't working just for the fish.

When the fall-out from the great Goldwater San Francisco earthquake settled, this reporter found himself slowly recovering sanity in a languorous land where the restaurant puts an orchid on your order of scrambled eggs. Somehow, Hawaii had just seemed a place on the map until I looked at its garlanded crags myself, watched the waves sliding up and down the sand,

and heard the trade winds making slatting noises in the palms. Anything new like this [I have to confess], daunts me at first and after a journalistic lifetime I have to put it down on paper before I can really encompass it. That is why I am writing this.

Porpoisery has got the scientific world agog. In conjunction with Tap Pryor's Sea Life Park (which is one of the "musts" in Hawaii) they are trying all sorts of experiments. The baffled Navy is experimenting, too. When you have spent millions for fast ships it is exasperating to find an animal that can go faster, with less turbulence, and that maybe can talk, too. The irritating creature swims quicker than hydrodynamics says it can.

It also produces a little clicking sound in its forehead which it projects as a beam into the water, and which it then receives back as an echo. It has been doing this some 80 million years. A mainland porpoise at UCLA can reportedly discriminate, blindfolded, between 2¹/₄ and 2¹/₂ inch balls at four feet, with 66 percent accuracy. Nobody quite knows how fast or deep a porpoise can swim, or dive, and these are some of the tests going on here now.

Like Senate Coalition

★ The Sandwich Islands themselves popped up out of the sea like a school of porpoises several billion years ago, attended by steam and fire, and their volcanoes have been on a part-time basis since. You have to see these things to believe them: the steam coming out of cracks in Kilauea crater, for example. The heat at the center of the earth, they say, is enough to melt rock, though the pressure keeps it in place like a Senate coalition, save in lava flows about every four years. Volcanoes and orchids symbolize Hawaii's incongruity. You can buy Japanese noodle soup at a restaurant which also sells a pin-up of the Beatles; near a huge banyan tree filled with mynah birds there are "Seven Up" signs; under the "Men" and "Women" at a Hilo restaurant are appropriate Japanese hieroglyphs, and a nice sign at the Hulihee Palace (built 1838 by Gov. John Adams Kuakini; weight 500 lbs.) says, "Danger, Beware of Falling Coconuts." An

official sign on top of Kilauea announces, "Fall-out Shelter: capacity 530," but whether for nuclear or volcanic blasts I don't know.

Racial Harmony

★ Another arresting fact about the eight islands of Hawaii—they are an American state. In the distribution of the 100 crucial Senate counters in Washington, Hawaii got two. Some day or other the wildly malapportioned US Senate, like the British House of Lords, has got to be reformed. Till then Hawaii, 50th state of the Union (population, 630,000) is sitting pretty; it will be even better off as soon as its Senators get some seniority.

Suppose a Pacific treaty comes up that Hawaii doesn't like. Under two-thirds ratification the Senators from this idyllic but diminutive archipelago can cancel out the four Senators from California and New York (combined population, 33 million). Unlikely? Certainly. But what is almost certain to happen is that Hawaiian Senators will sit with the feudal lords of other small states, exacting legislative tribute on everything that comes by. Well, so be it; a 10-mile section of so-called "Interstate" highway is already being erected outside Honolulu 2,000 miles from the next state.

This is no Goldwater territory. Hawaii's racial harmony shines like a candle in a naughty world; by race (non-military), 1960—Japanese, 203,000; Caucasian, 202,000; Filipinos, 67,000; Chinese, 38,000; and "others" (mostly mixed Hawaiian), 120,000. If the military left Hawaii it would probably rise three feet out of water. Some Southerners in the armed forces can't adjust to the cheerful racial fellowship, but nearly everybody else seems to. It is an emotional experience to see it. The sedate Pacific Club still excludes Orientals, but one of them owns Honolulu's afternoon newspaper.

Republican Senator Fong, a Keating-type liberal, faces re-election trouble this year, with Goldwater heading the ticket. This is a sophisticated paradise. Riots vex the mainland but here in Hawaii the trade winds blow, the distant coral reef shows white, and races work together and intermingle.

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THE STAFF

Editor-in-Chief – Gilbert A. Harrison

Managing Editor – Alex Campbell

Editors – Robert Evett, Murray Kempton

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Circulation Manager – Bertha Lehman

Business Manager – Glenon Matthiesen

New York Advertising Representative –

Roland Gomez, Murray Hill Advertising

Inc., 64 East 34th St., New York, N.Y. 10016

Unmeasured Response

As a consequence of the high spirits displayed in the Gulf of Tonkin this month, President Johnson got a blank check from Congress, and has a pistol aimed at him by Senator Goldwater. The check is less valuable than it sounds, since it really only allows the President to behave in an international crisis the way he would anyhow, acting first and leaving the constitutional lawyers to argue afterward about whether he exceeded his powers. The pistol could be more serious. What the Tonkin affair suggested to the Goldwaterites, who are now suggesting it to the country, is that it proves they were right all along in their contention that the war in Southeast Asia can be "won" by the United States. The North Vietnamese appeared to take their "punishment" meekly and China did not rush to fight the US, therefore the thing to do is to keep hitting them until they admit defeat. In precisely the same robust spirit, the Chinese Communists never tire of declaring the United States to be a "paper tiger," and of mocking Khrushchev for his alleged failure of nerve at the brink. It may be that what happened in the Gulf of Tonkin will cause the Chinese to reconsider. But this has yet to be shown; and even if it were, it is a giant and dangerous leap forward from that to conclude that it is the Chinese who are the "paper tiger," and that they will always run away if they are dared. They did not do so in Korea.

A better way to view this month's events is to regard them as a providential warning to the American electorate. The real lessons of Mr. Johnson's bit of brinkmanship are quite different from what the Goldwaterites suppose, and it is shuddersome to think what the results might have been had President Goldwater been in charge. Nothing was changed in the civil war in South Vietnam, where nothing can be achieved without the backing of the peasants, which is clearly not being got, or perhaps even sought. If the conditions of the war do change, it may be for the worse, since Chinese air power has been drawn into North Vietnam. All that the action in Tonkin Bay proves is that in a violent world there is a constant temptation to resort to force under provocation, but that the consequences are never predictable and the example is apt to be almost instantaneously contagious. The last flaming North Vietnamese patrol boat had scarcely sunk beneath the force of President Johnson's 63 avenging sorties when Turkish planes were strafing Greek patrol boats off the coast of Cyprus. The Turks, too, acted under extreme provocation, but would they really have struck as they did if the United States had not shown

the way? The outcome was to bring the world to the edge of international war in the Mediterranean as well as in Southeast Asia. In those circumstances, to understand the Turkish action cannot be to condone it, but it is impossible to condemn the Turks and still applaud the action of the US. Moreover, the Turks at least knew what they were about, in a limited strategical sense; it is difficult to be sure the Pentagon did. As is now usually the case with our behavior in Southeast Asia, there was as much confusion as direction about our punitive measured reply to the futile North Vietnamese attacks on US warships. The ships themselves were not informed that South Vietnamese boats were attacking the shore in their vicinity (though the only reason for our ships being in Tonkin Bay is so that the Navy can know what occurs there). The North Vietnamese were informed, by Mr. Johnson's telecast, about our pending raid on them 90 minutes beforehand.

The US has Senator Goldwater's word for it that an attack directed by him, if he were President, would be marred by no such confusion. But in this assurance there is more cause for trepidation than consolation. Not 63 but 630 sorties would be Goldwater's probable riposte to a Communist stab at American ships, and he seems to have a real inclination to nuclear not conventional bombs. He charged last week that the Admini-

stration plans to cut the country's nuclear firepower by 90 percent. What he means is that instead of trying to hit military targets with precise weapons using relatively small warheads, he prefers saturating whole cities and regions with old-fashioned nuclear bombs. More than ever, it becomes painfully clear that Americans will vote for Senator Goldwater in November at their and the world's peril.

Bolters Seldom Eat

Hershey, Pa.

It was cool on Barry Goldwater's summit. The Senator had invited those Republicans who represent his party's past and present to join him at the Hershey Inn and pledge him recognition as his party's future. Afterwards, a journalist asked him if, with all his wounds, he thought he could now live at peace with the jackals of *The New York Times* and the hyenas of CBS. "I'll get along with you fellows," Goldwater answered. "You gotta eat and I gotta eat."

He had expressed the entirely utilitarian spirit of a gathering which was held together by no feeling higher than acceptance of the convention that, in our party system, bolters seldom eat.

Then the business was done. Goldwater had the endorsement of no Republican who had not already yielded it, the voice of no Republican who had before been silent, the detectably-increased temperature of no Republican who had before been tepid.

Afterwards, General Eisenhower was brought forward to announce that he was grateful that the Senator had cleared up some of his uncertainties and that he was now on the team. He had threatened no one, and, even if the Senator had not granted him the flattery of clarification, he would have still supported the ticket. Having arrived at clarity, would the General now move toward intensity as a Goldwater campaigner? "I'll be 74 years old in October," Mr. Eisenhower answered. That was exactly the answer he had given in San Francisco a month before when asked about his fitness for active service. The Republicans had never seemed more the party of the status quo.

Only Senator Goldwater seemed noticeably different than at his previous manifestation. The difference was more in tone than in what he said, which was mostly what he has said often enough before, along with its opposite. But most of us had seen him last in San Francisco and there he had been the sorest of winners. But now the wounds of victory had visibly healed and he was a man we could trust again to be nasty again until election night, and then only if he should win.

His tone was easy, but the fundamentals of the doctrine were hard as ever. His statement had repudiated "character assassins, vigilantes, Communists, and other



The Warriors

groups such as the Ku Klux Klan." Was he including the John Birch Society? "They're not on the Attorney General's subversive list," Goldwater answered. "The KKK are." There sounded in the wilder reaches of the imagination the lonely cry of some moderate adviser: "My God, Senator, you got to repudiate the Klan. They're on the Attorney General's list."

The new Barry Goldwater was carefully explaining that the only proper standard for personal taste in people is the dictate of the state he is to save us from. "I think it was the Germans," the historian in him remembered, "who originated the modern concept of peace through strength." But "I will be a civilian President," the constitutional purist in him promised. "I'm not going to run the Army and Navy."

So he had not changed in anything essential, and neither had Nelson Rockefeller, who came to stand in the residue of the Eisenhower-Goldwater press conference and reiterate his commitment to the two-party system. He welcomed what seemed to be Goldwater's position "as of today." He would support the ticket, which, he conceded under questioning, is Barry Goldwater and Bill Miller.

Rockefeller was saying almost nothing that he had not said in Albany a week before. The unfortunate Mr. Nixon had sat at the public ceremonies beside Goldwater in the character of exhibit, with no responsibility except the private one of doing his best to look like a man who had not sunk, but only dived and would get up again. Governor Scranton was there, exercising his most intense public enthusiasm, which is for greeting and seating visitors. The other guests had a low visibility rate that may have resulted from calculation. Most of them were Republican governors or Republican governor pretenders, a class not prematurely pro-Goldwater. Even now, some seemed to feel that this was not a house of the sort in which a wise man attracts the attention of the self-righteous or the prurient. The distraction of the Eisenhower-Goldwater ceremony must have been a convenience to them. When it was over, the journalists emerged to find that such habitual volubles as George Romney and Charles Percy had fled like thieves in the night. So everyone sat where he had sat before. You could almost hear the ghost of John Foster Dulles intoning the litany that the fruits of summitry are ashes. By all the old rules it had been a barren day.

But who can say for sure that Barry Goldwater is governed by the rules, or hopes the hopes that control other politicians? We may be watching not a politician but a force of nature, who asks of his hereditary allies no more than that they agree to coexist with him while he follows his impulse to travel alone. Can we suppose indeed that Barry Goldwater called all these defeated captains together out of no desire except publicly to forgive them for the crime of losing to him? M. K.

Sonic Boom Town

Oklahoma City

Not since 1884, when land "boomers" from the East had to be repulsed by US troops, has this city been so up in arms. But now it is the federals who are the boomers and the local landowners who have been doing the repulsing. From February 3 to the beginning of August, the Federal Aviation Agency invaded homes, offices and factories here with a daily series of sonic booms that at times were loud enough to rattle dishes, crack windows and cause personal injuries.

The 600,000 residents fired back at the FAA in phone calls, letters to Congressmen, the city council, and the newspapers, trying to "ban the boom." Repeated court actions have been unsuccessful in blocking the six-month-long test series.

In a court case brought by an anti-boom vigilante committee, the FAA put on the witness stand two psychiatrists from the University of Oklahoma Medical School. Dr. L. J. West testified that under certain circumstances sonic booms might even be good for you. He said that when there is environmental stress, as during the sonic boom tests or during the London blitz, the suicide rate declines and so do admissions to mental hospitals.

But the FAA admitted that public complaints at times reached 500 a day and even on slow days 25 or more complaints were recorded. Most complaints were made by telephone, by women, and about half the people complaining said the sonic booms had caused property damage of one kind or another. One woman called three times to say that a particularly loud boom broke the straps on her brassiere.

Farmers said the booms were causing chickens to stop laying eggs and cows to stop giving milk. In the court hearings, a real estate broker said the booms had caused \$50,000 in damages to his home, and another witness testified that the booms had made his wife ill. The tests are defended as essential to the development of a 2,000 mile-per-hour transport airplane. The FAA says: "It was in the national interest to conduct an extended sonic boom study over a representative community in the United States to determine, if possible, the level of public acceptability." Some civic leaders here tried to improve public acceptability with the argument that Oklahoma City was drafted and it was the community's "patriotic duty" to be patient. The FAA says that "in the years ahead the citizens of Oklahoma will take pride in their participation and contribution to the national supersonic transport development program."

The booms' intrusion into privacy is an issue that the FAA has wisely kept silent about. Courts elsewhere have been generous in sustaining damage claims of householders and others who have suffered excessive

aircraft noise. In a decision earlier this year, the Supreme Court of the state of Washington, by a 9-0 decision, held that an airport must pay damages to owners of nearby homes because jet aircraft noise was shaking the walls, drowning out the television and making conversation difficult. The court said that the home owners did not have the right to stop jets from using the nearby airport, but "there is little doubt that the noise of jet aircraft in the process of landing or taking off can amount to a taking or damaging of property for which Amendment Nine of the Washington Constitution requires that compensation be made."

So far the courts here have not had to rule on damage claims, but they have refused to bar the sonic boom tests. Late in July, when ban-the-boom vigilantes made a last-ditch legal stand against the tests, United States District Judge Stephen S. Chandler dismissed the suit against the FAA "with prejudice." He found that the boom tests were essential to the development of an American-made supersonic transport plane and that the tests were of value to the Air Force, and thus to the defense efforts of the United States.

At the heart of the court's ruling were three findings of fact:

"Plaintiffs have established only that minor property damage in a few individual instances has been caused by the sonic boom tests at Oklahoma City.

"Plaintiffs have not established that they have suffered any physical or mental harm or that any such harm alleged by them is causally related to the sonic boom tests. Such physical or mental effects as they have established amount at most to slight increase in the stress, irritation and inconvenience inevitably attendant upon living in a complex mechanized society, which increase might be traceable to any great number of factors other than the sonic boom tests.

"The defendants' expert medical testimony establishes that sonic boom tests neither caused, nor could cause, any injury to the health of Oklahoma City residents. Further, this testimony establishes that the tests neither did, nor could, aggravate or precipitate any pre-existing or latent physical, mental, psychological or neurological condition of Oklahoma City residents."

Against this court opinion must be set the fact that the FAA has had to contend with nearly 9,000 claims for damage, and more are still coming in. Of the damage complaints received, about 2,000 have resulted in a formal claim being filed. Most were denied promptly, but about 10 percent have resulted in payments, mostly small sums averaging about \$50. All but a handful of the claims paid were either for damage to plaster walls and ceilings, or to window glass of one kind or another. Three claims for personal injury have so far been approved for payment; the total amount involved is \$330.

The booms were mostly of a sound level calculated

by FAA engineers at two pounds of "overpressure" per square foot. A shock wave of this strength will distort a plate-glass window by about two-tenths of an inch when it hits. The sound is like that of a thunderclap close enough to be both heard and felt. The sound alone is usually loud enough to rattle dishes and to wake up a light sleeper.

The FAA program began in February with a single daily boom of only a pound or so overpressure. Six months later, when the tests ended, the booms came at the rate of eight a day and the overpressure at times was as high as four pounds per square foot. Programmed overpressure was two pounds, but weather conditions sometimes caused the sound waves to focus and reinforce one another. Sonic booms were much louder on cool, moist days than they were on hot, dry ones, experimenters found.

Four types of 1,000 mph air force jets were used for the tests: three fighter types, the F-101, F-104 and the F-106, and a B-58 bomber. Each was sent along a flight path which crossed the heart of the city southwest to northeast. The sonic boom was generated when the aircraft accelerated to the speed of sound – about 660 miles an hour – and beyond. The boom is continuous so long as the aircraft is going faster than the speed of sound; it trails along like a noisy shadow heard up to 20 miles on either side of the flight path.

The farther away the aircraft, the less loud its boom. In the tests here, altitude varied upwards from 25,000 feet, depending on weather conditions and the amount of boom required for the test program. None of the boom runs was as high as 60,000 feet; at this height the level of noise on the ground is about a half-pound overpressure. This is heard as a distant roll of thunder and is neither obtrusive nor annoying.

Complete data from the tests will not be processed until the fall, but preliminary results have been made public by the FAA. From the way official news is being given out, it would seem that an effort may be made to convince the general public, as well as Congress and the aeronautical authorities of other communities, that the Oklahoma City tests were a "success" in the sense that they proved that two-pound booms are tolerable to a community.

If the FAA does attempt to adopt such a conclusion, it will do a real disservice to the 600,000 heroes who endured their booming ordeal as patiently – and patriotically – as they did.

Noise considerations are a major problem to be overcome in developing an SST and all the world is waiting to know what conclusions have been reached here. If a two-pound boom is officially declared acceptable, and then it turns out that this is more than the public will tolerate, it may be too late – and too costly – to redesign the aircraft to meet the new noise minimums.

ROBERT BURKHARDT

How Cops Behave in Harlem

by Murray Kempton

"In Moulmein, in Lower Burma, I was hated by large numbers of people – the only time in my life that I have been important enough for this to happen to me. I was subdivisional police officer of the town, and in an aimless, petty kind of way anti-European feeling was very bitter. . . . In the end the sneering yellow faces of young men that met me everywhere, the insults hooted after me when I was at a safe distance got badly on my nerves. . . . All I knew was that I was stuck between my hatred of the empire I served and my rage against the evil-spirited little beasts who tried to make my job impossible."

– GEORGE ORWELL,
Shooting An Elephant.

Harlem is at peace again or anyway restored to the discipline of its normal disorder, and those two disturbed minorities – its citizens and its policemen – confront each other, alone as they ordinarily are.

The playground at 131st Street was filled with its normal press of boys of all ages playing basketball with a surge and ebb and flow of precision that was almost immoral, because no one could so refine these skills if he had been distracted by a chance to develop skills more useful. Basketball is the billiards of the poor; played at this level in Harlem, it seems the badge of a wasted life.

Bayard Rustin had come to the playground to tell three of the players that a local of the International Ladies' Garment Workers Union had found jobs for them. Rustin was captain of last year's March on Washington. He spent the weekend of July 18 running the streets of Harlem trying to restore calm, organizing these basketball players to help him disperse the crowds, enduring the boos on the street corners when he urged that everyone go home, carrying the beaten to the hospitals, and beaten himself by policeman and by Negro. Since then, he has thought nothing quite so important as to sit in an office on 125th Street waiting to be called about a job in some loft downtown, then walking up to the playground to tell one of the basketball players to wear a coat and tie and carry work clothes and his social security card and try to be there 10 minutes before nine so he'll look eager when the man gets there.

"There is a sense," Bayard Rustin was saying, "in which everybody here is trapped. That weekend I had cops coming up to me to light my cigarette just as if they were trying to say somehow 'we're with you.' Of

course, I was doing their job; I was trying to protect them. But, if you work in a ghetto, you feel in a ghetto.

"A lot of people I usually agree with think the cops acted very well under the circumstances. I think they acted atrociously. But how else do you act when you are that afraid?

"I remember the most creative policeman I ever met up here, a man who once turned over to me a kid he had caught robbing a five-and-ten-cent store just on my promise that I'd take him home to his parents and tell them what he had done. I saw that man beat a woman to the ground and then, when I tried to get her away, he began to beat me.

"And then on 125th Street on Sunday afternoon, I saw a crowd standing around a little boy – he couldn't have been more than 11 – and he was on a soap box taunting the cop across the street. And all these grown people were laughing and cheering him, and then, when the cop didn't do anything, this little boy just walked over and spit right in the cop's face, and I ran across the street and picked up the boy and began running up Lenox Avenue with him, until the crowd caught me and began to beat me. That's the sadism and masochism of this dump."

Bayard Rustin watched the basketball players.

"You know, these kids tell a fantastic story. They were shooting crap over in a corner of the playground and a cop came by and chased them away. But he told them to throw their money on the ground, and he picked it up.

"It wasn't more than \$9 and they were glad not to be arrested. I was in my barber shop which is one of the biggest number books in Harlem. And the owner was talking right out loud, saying 'that God-damned cop has got to be moved. He's taking 50 percent of my book'. And one of these kids was sitting there. He hears this stuff every day. He hears about cops arresting a prostitute and driving her three blocks to a dark street and then taking her money and throwing her out. People like that don't complain; what whore wants to go to jail? And the kid hears all this and says that cheap bastard, he's getting all this and he shakes us down just for \$9. And yet these same kids were out there that weekend telling the crowds to go home.

"Why don't we walk over and I'll show you Sam's West Side Bar," Rustin went on. "There was looting on Eighth Avenue Saturday night and the owner locked his door. Two of his regular drinkers came running up

and knocked at the door and he let them in. Maybe they were looters but that was no excuse for what happened. The cops just threw a garbage can through the window and came in and shot the place up.

"One cop told me later that there was a rough crowd across the street and that the captain decided that if they picked out one place and shot it up, the crowd would get scared and go home. They thought that, if they did it this way, they might save maiming a lot of people. The tragedy was that it worked. The crowd did go home."

Harlem has no use for monuments; Sam's had been cleaned up to the point where there was only an inoffensive bullet hole in the fibreboard of one wall and no hole visible in the mask of indifference of its drinkers.

Cut Off from the Rest of Us

A policeman was the proximate cause of the Harlem riots; and policemen and Negroes bore their physical wounds. They are always together, cut off from the rest of us. Their combat never escaped the boundaries of their native compound; most New Yorkers knew of it only from television and the newspapers, as Englishmen know of the troubles in British Guiana.

There was a riot in Rochester and, after its containment, the city council voted each policeman the raise of a thousand-odd dollars a year for which the force had been futilely agitating. Rochester made the further point: the policeman is loved only when he is on public view, protecting the comfortable from the poor.

What leaders Harlem has were demanding that Mayor Wagner establish an independent board to hear any citizen complaining of physical maltreatment by a policeman and give it full power to judge and punish. Before the Harlem troubles, the Mayor's mail was 80 percent in favor of a civilian review board; now it is running 69 percent against.

Commissioner Murphy is opposed to the proposal that in their relations with civilians the conduct of his officers be judged by an independent panel of civilians. Philadelphia has such a panel; New York has a civilian complaint board operated by its police department and headed by a deputy commissioner. There is, not just in Harlem, but in other city departments and even in other law enforcement agencies a certain cynicism about whether the police department can be trusted to be prosecutor, judge and jury on itself. And yet the statistics are curious. The independent citizens who try the Philadelphia policemen do not seem to be, in sum, much harsher than the New York policemen who try each other. The independent Philadelphia board has heard 510 complaints of civilian abuse in the last four years, and in just 18 of them it recommended that the accused be disciplined. The New York Civilian Review Board, a creature of the police department, heard

578 complaints between 1960 and 1963, brought 34 policemen to trial and convicted 24.

The Harlem riots began after Police Lieutenant Thomas Gilligan shot and killed James Powell, a 15-year-old Negro, during a disturbance outside Robert F. Wagner Junior High School on Manhattan's upper-middle East Side. If crowds this formless can be said to have formal demands, their most immediate was that Gilligan be arrested for the Powell boy's death. Gilligan's case is before a New York county grand jury.

On the morning of July 16, a group of Negro adolescents were outside their summer school waiting for class to start. Patrick Lynch, a janitor in the apartment house next door was watering his stoop. There was an idle exchange of insult and Lynch turned his hose on the crowd. The Powell boy chased him up the steps; Lynch bolted and locked the door behind him. Powell followed and pounded the door; nothing until then seems to have been much more excessive than school-boy games are.

And then Police Lieutenant Gilligan, off duty, came out of a television repair shop near the scene with his pistol ready. Powell came down the steps; and Gilligan fired three times. He asserted later that his first shot was a warning and that young Powell raised a knife and that Gilligan shot him first in the arm and then, when Powell refused to halt, in the body, this time fatally. It took a hundred policemen to quieten the public disturbance that followed.

Thomas Gilligan went to the station house with his dead prisoner and there, while an assistant district attorney was still questioning witnesses, his brother policemen heard his story and told him to go home. "We sometimes hold a policeman," Police Inspector Joseph Coyle said then, "but not in a case of justifiable homicide like this one."

There is in New York an assumption, not just in Harlem, that the police, hardened in the knowledge that no one else will take care of them, make a custom of taking care of their own. The Gilligan case hardly weakens that assumption. The physical abuse of prisoners does not seem to be a general problem any longer; the ordinary images we conjure up when we use words like "police brutality" are isolated in New York. And yet policemen do shoot suspects at the rate they always have; and those superiors who would be outraged at clear-cut proof that a cop had roughed up an arrestee are quick to understand the reasons why he might have had to shoot one. The root of their sympathy is in the loneliness which is the common oppression of the calling. The customary argument for the order that a policeman carry a weapon even when he is off duty is that the policeman is "alone out there" and must use his judgment. Poor Gilligan was on a crowded street; but, since he was a cop, it is the cop's conception that he was alone wherever he was.

Goldwater's Good Deeds in Arizona

by the Editors

The *Phoenix Gazette* says that a focal point of "the attack on Goldwater" is the contention by the Republican nominee's supporters that he was instrumental years ago in integrating Arizona's Air National Guard, its schools and the facilities at Phoenix's Sky Harbor airport. The *Gazette* says that these achievements of the Senator do not fit in with the liberals' preconception of him "as a fiery hate monger bent on the subjection of the Negro," and so "the liberal press" is currently engaged "in a now frantic effort to find any shred of information that lends itself to the sort of distortion the liberals have in mind."

What are the claims made by and on behalf of Senator Goldwater, and what are the facts?

The *National Review* said Goldwater "took the lead in helping kill Jim Crow in Phoenix." Goldwater himself in *US News and World Report* said: "In Arizona, my retail company has always hired Negroes . . . I integrated the Air National Guard [of Arizona] . . . The first official act that I was able to get accomplished as a member of the city council in Phoenix was the desegregation of the restaurant at the local airport . . . I made, for that time and that town, a sizable contribution to the court fight to end [school] segregation. . . ."

CLAIM: That the Goldwater department stores have employed Negroes for years.

FACT: The stores (there are three of them now) hired Negroes when many other firms wouldn't. But Negroes in Phoenix say that they were hired only as stock clerks, menials and like capacities, never as salespersons. Moreover, one downtown men's store, McDougall-Cassou, Ltd., has had a Negro salesman for many years. Another (Korrick's, a department store across the alley from what was then the downtown *Goldwaters*) had a Negro salesman on the main floor for several years.

It is perhaps to *Goldwaters'* credit that Negro stock girls were allowed to sell during the Christmas rush each year. But after Christmas they returned to the stockroom.

The question of *Goldwaters'* hiring policies became a public issue last year when the local NAACP staged a Freedom March in Phoenix and several marchers flourished signs saying, "*Goldwaters* Has No Negro Sales Personnel." Bob Goldwater, Barry's brother and president of the stores, issued a statement denying there was any discrimination. He said the stores employed 17 Negroes out of a total force of about 420 and they

included supervisory personnel. "Barry has always been very much for the Negro," Bob was quoted saying.

A few days later Bob issued another statement, this one announcing that *Goldwaters* had just put on a Negro salesperson, a young woman transferred from a clerical job.

CLAIM: That Goldwater played a leading role in desegregating the schools of Phoenix and contributed financially to the effort, in return for which he was made an honorary member of the NAACP.

FACT: At an NAACP rally held October 21, 1951, to raise money for a lawsuit to desegregate Phoenix's all-Negro Carver High School, Goldwater contributed \$400. Other individuals and firms in Phoenix, including some pretty conservative ones, also contributed. Barry Goldwater had just launched his career in politics. He was a member of the Phoenix city council and within a few months was to announce his candidacy for the US Senate. Up to then he had made no public show of interest in the fact that the schools were segregated. He made no speeches opposing school segregation. He lent no support—that any of the civil rights leaders can recall—to their efforts to desegregate the schools via legislation. He seems not even to recall accurately the facts about school segregation in Phoenix, since he is quoted in the *US News* interview as saying that "when I got back from World War II, I found that we had acquired segregated high schools." High school segregation in Phoenix dated all the way back to 1914. Barry Goldwater, before going to Staunton Military Academy, attended the only high school then in Phoenix but apparently did not notice that Negro students were segregated in a wooden cottage on the campus. It was known as the Colored Department of Phoenix Union High School. In 1926 Carver High School was built.

Goldwater was not given an honorary membership in the NAACP in return for his contribution to the desegregation fund. He joined the Maricopa County (Phoenix) branch of the NAACP about 1950, when he was beginning to get deeply involved in city and state politics. He is not now a member and, according to Mrs. Thelma Evans, former state secretary of the NAACP, has not been since 1955, when he paid a \$10 membership fee to the Tucson branch. Mrs. Evans notes that 1955 was the year after the Supreme Court decision on school desegregation.

CLAIM: That before he got into politics, Goldwater

showed an interest in and concern for Negro youngsters by giving a gold watch to a top graduate of the Negro high school (Carver) each year and giving money to help Carver's football teams.

FACT: "When I came to Carver in 1945," says W. A. Robinson, former principal of Carver, "Goldwaters was giving watches to other schools but not to Carver. So I wrote to Barry and asked him why. He wrote back and said it had just escaped him, that they hadn't thought about Carver, and that they would be glad to give a watch to a Carver graduate. So I wrote him again and asked if he would like to come to our commencement and make the award himself. He came, and started out his speech by explaining that the reason he and his brother hadn't given a watch to Carver was because they didn't believe in segregated schools. He had told me that it was because they had just overlooked Carver. Now it was because Carver was segregated.

"A little later I had occasion to write him again. We couldn't get jobs after school for Carver boys, not even as carry-outs in grocery stores. We tried all the chains. Barry was greensmaster, I think, at the Phoenix Country Club. So I asked him if he could help get Carver boys on as caddies. He wrote back that there were others on the greens committee and he couldn't do anything without their consent. And anyway, he said, he couldn't do anything as long as Carver was a segregated school, meaning, I suppose, that until the schools were desegregated, the community—including the country club caddies—couldn't be desegregated."

CLAIM: That Goldwater integrated the Air National Guard.

FACT: Goldwater flew as a transport pilot during World War II and came out of the war a lieutenant colonel. When Arizona organized its postwar National Guard, he was offered and accepted the post of staff air officer to organize the Air Guard. It was his job to interview and screen wartime pilots and ground crewmen for places in the new organization and arrange for armories and the use of air fields.

In 1947 there was a staff meeting at which problems having to do with the location of buildings for the Air Guard were discussed. Goldwater was at the meeting. So was Frank Fraser, then inspector general and executive officer of the Arizona National Guard. Fraser recalls Goldwater said, "We will be called on to provide spaces for not only Negroes but other minorities."

This is the sum total of discoverable evidence to sustain Goldwater's claim of having "integrated" the Air Guard. Fraser says flatly that "never did [Goldwater] interject anything favorable or unfavorable" to integration. There are no documents on file with the National Guard to show him as ordering or advocating integration. Nothing appeared in the newspapers at the time about him asking integration of the Guard.

Was the Air Guard integrated? Negro enlisted men did get accepted. No Negro flying officers ever did. Fraser says "two or three" applied but failed to qualify. One, he says, carried the matter to the governor, claiming his "constitutional rights" had been violated, but to no avail.

CLAIM: That Goldwater desegregated the restaurant at the Phoenix municipal airport.

FACT: Goldwater was a member of the city council in September, 1952, when a new restaurant known as the Sky Chef opened for business in the airport terminal building under a lease with the city. It served Negroes at its lunch counter but not its diner or bar.

A few days after its formal opening, Louis Jordan, the famous Negro orchestra leader who had a home in Phoenix, went into the Sky Chef and was refused service. He protested to Mayor Hohen Foster. Foster ordered the acting city attorney, Jack D. Hays, to look into the matter. Hays did and came up with an opinion that the Sky Chef legally was in the wrong, since its lease with the city stipulated that the restaurant and bar were to be operated for the "general public." The council thereupon directed Mayor Foster to notify the management to cease discriminating.

What part did Goldwater play? In the record of council proceedings for September 23, 1952—which was six days after the council had already directed that the mayor take action to stop the discrimination at Sky Chef—Goldwater is shown as saying: "Mr. Mayor, because of occasional absences from the city, I would like to ask the attorney what is the status of the Sky Chef segregation situation." Nowhere in the council record is there any statement by Goldwater to the effect that Negroes ought to be served without let or hindrance at Sky Chef. Nowhere in newspaper accounts of the incident is there any such statement. Indeed, his name doesn't even appear in any newspaper story.

In May, 1964, in a letter to Chairman William P. Reilly of the Phoenix Human Relations Commission, which Reilly made public, Goldwater endorsed a proposed public accommodations ordinance pending before the city council. Although civil rights groups had struggled for years to obtain public accommodations legislation on either the local or state level or both, Goldwater's voice was never raised in their behalf.

The long struggle to desegregate Phoenix had its beginnings after World War II, and it is still going on. Literally hundreds of people have been involved in it, including bankers, lawyers, doctors, teachers, ministers, even a few businessmen. If Goldwater had lent his name and prestige to the effort, he could have made it much easier.

Conceivably his hometown civil rights record is a record of random paternalism. But it is not "a long personal history of fighting discrimination," as Goldwater likes to call it.

In the West, Fear Is Uppermost

by Paul R. Wieck

After the Republican National Convention in San Francisco I traveled in six Western and Midwestern states. I found no substantial support for Barry Goldwater. Exposure to the Goldwater forces in action had etched a deep and unfavorable impression on the TV watchers. It seemed apparent that the Goldwater-Miller ticket would have problems carrying any of those states.

One theme was recurrent: "Barry is too radical." These people had reservations about civil rights, but for the moment what was uppermost in their minds was fear. The first question I was asked time after time in the West and Midwest was: "Was it really as bad as it seemed on TV?"

The story was the same in Albuquerque, N.M., deep in Barry Goldwater's Southwest; in Lincoln, Neb., long a center of liberal Republicanism; in Cheyenne, Wyo., a town where labor holds sway. It was an "anti-Goldwater" mood, with sparing mention of President Lyndon B. Johnson.

At Democratic headquarters in Albuquerque, by the Monday following the convention, nearly 150 persons, a good number of them Republicans, had called to ask how they could help. Some Republicans came to change their registration on the spot.

Albuquerque, Sante Fe, Los Alamos all have strong or dominant moderate Republican elements. One friend close to some of the moderate leaders said: "I'm not naming any names, but an awful lot of Republicans will be voting Democratic this year." Although all reports from the East side had Barry Goldwater running strong along with Senator Edwin L. Mechem (R), who is locked in a breathlessly tight Senate race with Representative Joe Montoya (D), few believe the Goldwater-Miller ticket will win New Mexico. Senator Mechem, who helped the Goldwater forces brush aside the moderates in his state, seemed as if he might be badly hurt by the moderate backfire.

Two days later, in a small Wyoming town, two comments illustrated what Westerners mean when they say Barry is "too radical." A job shop foreman for the town newspaper predicted "he's going to get whipped" and gave as a reason: "He wants to send the Marines into Cuba to turn on the water." That man has a teenage son. A young ad salesman put it this way: "I'm

one of those he'd be sending to turn the water on."

Three days in Southern Wyoming brought more of the same from Republican friends of mine. "I haven't a candidate this year," said a businesswoman. "He's too radical for me," said a businessman. "My party has deserted me so I'm going to write in someone and so are a lot of my friends," said a reporter. "The convention was a mess: I'm not going to vote at all," said still another Republican.

Wyoming Democrats are confident about the prospects of articulate young Senator Gale W. McGee (D), whose long fight against Birchism in his state is paying off. A Cheyenne editor, who watched the GOP moderates in his own state go down by a fairly close vote (252-215), wondered aloud if "there isn't more smoke than fire to this Goldwater thing." He wasn't ready to predict LBJ would carry his state, which is normally Republican, but he thought the chances were good.

Surprisingly, I did not once encounter support for Barry Goldwater because he's a Westerner. I asked Paul Holtz, Governor Cliff Hansen's administrative assistant, about Barry's appeal in Wyoming as a Westerner. Holtz, a Goldwater man himself, said he has never heard this mentioned. Wyoming voters are making their judgments on other issues. Holtz and Governor Hansen both suggested I'd find more Goldwater support "up North," which is cattle country and traditionally Republican. But Holtz was not ready to say it was above the normal GOP strength in those areas. And Democratic strength in the southern end of the state was firm, probably as much so as in 1958, when these counties contributed the majorities that put the Democrats in power in Wyoming for a four-year tenure.

Next morning in Denver, Colo., I met with Governor John Love (R), who had come home from San Francisco to find his stature enhanced and his mail running heavily in his favor after his determined stand for Governor William W. Scranton of Pennsylvania. He faces possible retribution from the Goldwater forces, who took over his state from the precinct level up. But for Colorado the prediction is a Johnson edge.

Nebraska gave Richard Nixon his biggest percentage in 1960, but today appears to be on the verge of voting for LBJ. Here I found how the Goldwater candidacy is reshaping party lines throughout the country, in a story of two Republicans and two Democrats. The Democrats, both in their mid-thirties and each in his father's

PAUL R. WIECK is the Washington correspondent for the Albuquerque, New Mexico, Journal.

business (one is a banker, the other a realtor) were strongly and openly for Barry Goldwater. They fit the image so often drawn of Goldwater boosters – youthful, established in the business world, in the “right” country club, upset by the growing tendency toward “centralization” of power in Washington, D. C. One Republican, a long-time family friend who has voted the GOP ticket for years, did not hesitate to say he didn’t like what happened in San Francisco and was “going to vote for Johnson. He is the smartest politician we’ve had in a long time, anyway.” I met the second Republican on a Wednesday morning in Governor Frank Morrison’s office in Lincoln, Neb. He had come in to tell Morrison: “Governor, I’ve never voted for a Democrat for the Presidency in my life [he is an elderly man] but this year I’m going to.”

Governor Morrison, a moderate Democrat who appears to be in very good shape with the voters this year, called Goldwater “irresponsible,” and said: “Nebraskans realize that the man who sits next to the control button has the power to extinguish life on this planet,” adding that this fear is “so great it overrides all other considerations” in his state.

Three editors I talked with all had hope for a Johnson win in the state. The first, a young man from Kansas with a Republican background, feels Johnson will carry the state with a boost from Governor Morrison, who he feels is very important. His own vote? He hadn’t decided, despite a life-long allegiance to a Kansas brand of Republicanism. The other, a Democrat on a Democratic paper, talked about two neighbors – both Republicans – who insist they can’t vote for Barry Goldwater. “But I hesitate to generalize from the comments of two neighbors.” Tempted to generalize on the spot, I said: “Everybody seems to have two neighbors who feel that way.” The third editor was a Republican who came away from San Francisco to encounter questions hostile to Barry Goldwater at every businessmen’s group he addressed on the convention.

In Des Moines, Iowa, the headlines were screaming “Extremism” in the wake of the state GOP’s failure to adopt a plank against extremists. It took the personal intervention of Senator B. B. Hickenlooper to reverse a decision of the resolutions committee to send such a plank to the floor. Les Holland, the young administrative assistant of Governor Harold Hughes, listed it as one of the “major issues” in his state, where Republicans are moderate and usually prevail. “Extremism” received heavy play in letters-to-the-editor around the state in the days immediately following the convention.

In a motel outside Iowa City next morning, I heard a young man ask the desk clerk if he plans to vote for Goldwater. “Not on your life,” was the reply. To which the young man answered: “It’s funny. Nobody likes Barry. But he was nominated.”

Once across the Mississippi River, I began to hear

about civil rights and the “white backlash.” A Chicago political writer quoted a Democratic ward captain saying: “Every civil rights demonstration costs us 1,000 votes in Chicago.” But he also told of reports that high-income bracket suburbs, such as Evanston and Winnetka on the North Shore, are nervous over the Goldwater nomination. The two, he agreed, could offset each other. Charles H. Percy, the GOP’s youthful gubernatorial candidate, feels that while his bid for Negro votes is suffering as a result of Goldwater’s nomination, this will be off-set by the Senator’s popularity outstate, particularly in northern Illinois. Percy is trying to smooth over the deep factional splits in his party, caused in part by Goldwater’s nomination, and to launch a two-pronged assault on Governor Otto Kerner’s Democratic administration in Springfield, based on the one hand on the state’s responsibilities in such fields as mental health, education and civil rights, and on the other hand, on ridicule of Mayor Richard Daley’s influence over Governor Kerner.

Percy could be helped among Negro voters by his needling of Mayor Daley, who is blamed by Negro civil rights leaders for perpetuating *de facto* school segregation. Such Negro leaders as C. Summer (Chuck) Stone, editor-in-chief of the *Chicago Defender*, insist that school district lines shift with housing patterns. As a result, a Freedom Democratic Party, pledged to support LBJ but to ignore Mayor Daley’s local ticket, was getting organized.

Back in Washington, I wondered how much of this early impact would hold over until November. A GOP candidate in Nebraska, for instance, admitted Senator Goldwater would run a close race in his state with LBJ “today,” but he expected many distressed Republicans to find their way back by November. A seat companion on the plane from San Francisco to Albuquerque – ardent in his support of the Arizona Senator – was candid in saying he doesn’t expect his man to win but only to run “a lot better than anyone thinks.” What did he mean by “a lot better?” He said 40 percent or better. I pointed out that 60-40 was a landslide; he said Barry hovered around 20 percent.

There was, in fact, general agreement among the few Goldwater supporters I encountered that their hero would not win. A certain amount of shift back to party loyalties in the six states covered, the same thing the Johnson Democrats are counting on south of the Mason-Dixon, still leaves the Goldwater-Miller ticket shaky in traditional Republican territory throughout the West and Midwest. It also leaves the Democrats with their best opportunity in a generation to build, from coast to coast, an army of block workers. A young newspaperwoman in Denver put it this way: “I’ve been thinking about all this and I decided that, if the good people do nothing, Goldwater *could* win, so I’m going to get into the Johnson campaign.”

Straws in the South Wind

Atlanta

Wayne Kelley writes: "The Goldwater campaign is a right emotional thing with us who have been so active in it," said Drake Edens, Jr., of Columbia, S. C., chairman of his state's GOP convention delegates. "You know, the pros don't know how to deal with us. We are mostly volunteers, people who have left their businesses to vote." And then he added: "It's people just like us who are going to be running the country. It's a little frightening to know that, I guess. I'm not too sure myself how it will work out."

The Goldwater Republicans have pepped up the party machinery all over the South and intend to ram the entrenched professional Democrats in more than 80 different contests this fall. The only thing they have going for them is Goldwater's appeal to segregationists. But the fight will be a tough one.

The Democrats are a practical and professional crew. They want to stay in office. The prospect of jumping to the Republican Party organization, a maverick now controlled by amateurs, extremists and political "outs," does not appeal to them. Furthermore, helping to elect Goldwater President and thus giving Southern Republicans a foothold on the seniority ladder is clearly no way for practical men to act.

And so most Southern Senators and Representatives will act like crusty Representative Carl Vinson of Georgia and fight rather than switch. "I will do my level best to convince people they are better served under a Democratic Administration than under a Republican Administration," Vinson says. With a good chance of putting the first Southerner in more than a century in the White House, the prospects ought not to be bad. Moreover, the Democrats control the political machinery in the South, which means the dispensation of state jobs, welfare rolls, road construction and national patronage.

There are signs that professional Democrats are getting ready to fight for Johnson. In Georgia, Governor Carl Sanders is openly for the President, may even go North to stump for him. Donald Russell, Governor of South Carolina, seems to be building a case for the Democrats. Governor Russell has said that Senator Richard Russell would make a good running mate for the President. And Senator Russell's opposition to the Civil Rights Act will come in handy throughout the campaign to show that Democrats can hold the line better than Republicans on the race question. In Alabama, both Senators Lister Hill and John Sparkman supported a slate of Democratic electors pledged to the nominee of the national party. Governor Orval Faubus of Arkansas says he won't attend the Demo-

cratic convention. But observers there say Faubus is doing his best to woo away Goldwater votes that might otherwise go to Winthrop Rockefeller, his moderate Republican opponent for governor in November.

Memphis

Larry Williams writes: Representative Ross Bass went the width and breadth of Tennessee telling voters he was a Democrat without prefix or suffix. Governor Frank Goad Clement did not attempt to discount a "Goldwater Democrat" label that Bass hung around his neck. Conservative businessman M. M. Bullard harangued Bass for voting for the civil rights bill.

Of these three antagonists in the Democratic primary race for the late Estes Kefauver's Senate seat, bookies made Clement a three-to-one favorite. Tennessee hasn't voted for a Democrat for President since 1948, and on his side Clement had this essential conservatism of the state, as well as the white backlash.

But the smart money boys were wrong. Bass clobbered Clement by 100,000 votes. (Bullard got only 80,000 votes.) Bass, a liberal, campaigned hard against Clement's tax program and his machine-type maneuvering. He carried every Negro precinct. Organized labor worked hard for him, as it always had for Kefauver. Bass even outpolled Clement in Knox County, in the eastern part of the state where the Governor enjoys close cooperation with Republicans.

In November Bass faces Howard Baker, Jr., an attractive Goldwater Republican. He is now favored to beat Baker by the same margin as he did Clement. The mystery in Tennessee, of course, is what ever happened to the white backlash.

The primary produced indications of other liberal leanings in Tennessee. Senator Gore, usually identified with the progressive wing of the Democratic Party, carried almost every precinct in the state in a sweeping primary victory over three token, but vocal, candidates. While Gore voted against the civil rights bill, this never amounted to much of an issue in the campaign. In Memphis, liberal county court squire George Grider beat 12-term Congressman Clifford Davis, a conservative, by 9,000 votes in the Congressional race. For the first time since Reconstruction days, Memphis Democrats nominated a Negro for the state legislature, a Negro to the constitutional convention, and a Negro as constable.

The Goldwater papers were saying, before the votes were counted, that the primary would give an indication of how Tennessee will go in November.

The Catholic Vote Is Confused

A fascinating theory will be tested at the polls this November. It is that the lion's share of that Catholic vote which in 1952 and 1956 left the Democratic column in favor of Dwight D. Eisenhower, and in 1960 came back to support John F. Kennedy, will silently shift to the conservative cause in 1964 and thereafter. The reasons adduced are the similarity between Goldwater rhetoric and much Catholic rhetoric, and the significant appeal of Governor Wallace in the Catholic wards of Milwaukee, Gary, parts of Maryland.

The Reverend John Doran warned recently in a column in the *Kansas City Catholic Reporter* that there might well be "a large portion of the people of this land who are tired of the liberalism which has dominated our country since the time of Franklin Roosevelt." He could have added that for years (until Pope John XXIII) all over the country, many Catholic spokesmen have maintained that "liberal Catholic" is a contradiction in terms. Such spokesmen themselves may have voted Democratic. But a campaign fought in 1964 on ideological lines may tempt many away.

The Democratic Party welcomes immigrants, so the Catholic immigrants have been mostly Democratic. But that particular Catholic marriage has always been subject to divorce. Already in the 'thirties, the Catholic press was warning against "the Red menace." There was the anti-intellectualism of the McCarthyites. In proportion as the Democratic Party assumed wider world responsibilities, the gap between the American Catholic temper and that of the party became wider. In 1952, Adlai Stevenson symbolized for many Catholics the "secular sophistication" they had long distrusted and Eisenhower personified values they could support. Many Catholics never understood the social revolution that was wrought in America after 1932. The only term they had for it was "creeping socialism" though the Catholic population, like the rest of the country, benefited enormously from a revolution that created a system that is neither *laissez faire* nor socialist. And the rhetoric of the Democratic Party never kept pace with its achievements. It never succeeded in making clear its own *originality*, so that its enemies have been able to hang "socialist," "soft on Communism," and "big government" around its neck, and its leaders must adopt such "me too" slogans as the balanced budget.

Barry Goldwater will surely reap the benefits of the anti-Communist utterances heard in Catholic churches and meeting halls these past decades. His religious allusions (of which the Republican convention reeked), his contempt for intellectuals and even for the "secu-

lar" press, and his vision of a world of law and order achieved by individuals of strong moral fiber and without the benefit of big government, awaken nostalgic echoes in the hearts of many Catholics. The *National Review* is widely read in Catholic chanceries and rectories; Young Americans for Freedom is remarkably strong on Catholic campuses. Yet it is ironic that just as Jesuit colleges, like Georgetown and Holy Cross, are at last teaching the social encyclicals and becoming "liberal," the student bodies are swept by Goldwater enthusiasm. The Evelyn Waugh style of a Catholic who pines for the middle ages can settle on Barry Goldwater as a half-way house. The conservative movement in America, like the philosophy of so many American Catholics, is a protest against the modern age.

It is true that for the last ten years the Catholic press in this country has been coming into the hands of a newer generation of "liberal Catholics," and that the encyclicals of Pope John XXIII and the Vatican Council gave the "liberal Catholics" sudden and unaccustomed prestige. But it would be rash to estimate how far new attitudes have penetrated skins thickened by old rhetoric. Cardinal McIntyre of Los Angeles has become known as "the Archbishop of the John Birch Society." On our other shore, Cardinal Cushing was learning a new style of political judgment from his friends Pope John XXIII and John F. Kennedy, but he also comforted extremists by two public letters of support for Robert Welch, "a fellow fighter against Communism." Cardinal Spellman's talk of "the godless public schools" hinted brazenly at a link with atheism and Communism.

John F. Kennedy in his person was pointing out a new channel for all the frustrated ideological energy among American Catholics. "Things will get worse before they get better," he warned the simplifiers. He accepted, and did not reject, the world in which we live. But there is one factor which might have turned even Catholics against Kennedy in 1964; the threat which the Negro represents to lower middle-class Catholics. They cannot of course justify opposition to the Negro by any tenet of the Catholic faith. But they will be helped by the respectability of Barry Goldwater, just as they took refuge in the smooth words of Governor Wallace in Maryland ("He doesn't sound like a bigot!"). And they will have three other rationalizations from their Catholic past to draw upon.

The neighborhood policy long chosen by most Catholic immigrant groups is segregation. Many Catholics just do not understand the values of pluralism or of integration. Irish live with Irish, Poles with Poles, Italians with Italians. "We prefer our own. Why doesn't the Negro?" The statements of Catholic bishops and priests about the racial question deal mainly in pious generalizations about charity of heart and say little about neighborhood *mores* or the pocketbook. Finally, strict sexual morality makes many Catholics susceptible

to whispers about the immorality of the Negro ghetto. Fear and envy are compounded; the special brutality of Irish policemen may have its source here. Such rationalized fears cannot be voiced in reply to the direct questions of the pollster. They too patently run counter to the sermons preached on brotherhood. But in the secrecy of the voting booth they can be powerful.

Catholics in America, then, are in a state of confusion. Just at the moment when Vatican II is prodding them ecclesiastically from a long night of conservatism, they are tempted to fall back into conservatism in American politics. Democrats at this point would best influence the undecided not by trying to sound as con-

servative as Goldwater, but by meeting the issues head-on, and by showing the steps "up from conservatism" one at a time. Big national problems need big government to help solve them; complex international problems will at best get complex, imperfect solutions. In the creative confusion brought by Vatican II to many Catholics at the grass-roots level, old simple certainties have been shaken. Now is a good time to make solid progress by rational discourse.

MICHAEL NOVAK

MR. NOVAK is an American Catholic who is writing a book on the Second Vatican Council.

Crime, Wealth and Justice

by Ronald Goldfarb

The poor are beginning to get their day in court. The Criminal Justice Act, which Congress passed, reaches a high-water mark in the administration of justice, and joins the legislature in the movement of the judicial and executive branches toward more mature and civilized standards of social justice.

A classic Churchillian cliché observes that the measure of the maturity of any civilization is the way it treats its criminals. Traditionally, criminal law enforcement has been evaluated in terms of its physical implementation — its style and manner. Coercion, invasion of privacy, and police lawlessness have been in the focus of most critical considerations of the criminal trial process. But a new appraisal is being made concerning the evenness of the application of criminal law to classes of defendants. All branches of the federal government have now recognized the inherent inequality of a double standard of law enforcement.

For about a decade the Supreme Court has been gradually but inexorably striking at one inequality in the trial process after another. Between the Griffin case in 1956, which dealt with the right of an indigent to a free trial record for appeal purposes, to last year's Gideon case dealing with the right of indigents to counsel in state criminal trials, the Court has decided a number of cases in which various discriminations based upon the poverty of a defendant have been eliminated from the judicial process. The philosophy behind all these cases was articulated in one by Justice Black in

a line: "There can be no equal justice where the kind of trial a man gets depends upon the amount of money he has." And recently Justice Goldberg, delivering the annual James Madison lecture at New York University Law School, enumerated inequalities which now deny the poor equal legal treatment. His eloquent lecture must be the fountainhead for the course of future attitudes about poverty and the administration of justice. However, the trend of the Justices notwithstanding, it is important to recognize as did Attorney General Kennedy recently that the principles of these decisions are so central to the law that these cases should not have been necessary. Their results "should have been present long ago, springing from our consciences rather than our courts."

This last comment uncovers another, relatively unpublicized aspect of Robert Kennedy, and another significant phase of his administration of the Justice Department. In his first press conference on April 6, 1961, the Attorney General said: "The poor face problems in the criminal court not shared by the rich and I have appointed nine men of distinguished public service to serve on a special committee to investigate the unique problems these people face in the federal criminal courts." This group, the Allen Committee, worked quietly for almost two years and on February 25, 1963, issued its report entitled "Poverty and the Administration of Federal Criminal Justice", and dealing with the general effects of one's wealth upon the quality of justice he receives. Its suggestions for reform were far-reaching and singled out as significantly egregious examples of imbalance the bail situation and the prob-

RONALD GOLDFARB is the author of *The Contempt Power*, published by the Columbia University Press.

lems of the indigent defendant. This report led both to the National Bail Conference held in Washington this past May and to the "Criminal Justice Act."

The Act deals with the right to counsel. By the right to counsel, at least nowadays, we speak of the right of a man to demand the aid of a lawyer to represent him at a criminal trial when he cannot afford to provide one himself. This is to be distinguished from the more esoteric question whether one who has counsel may use him at a particular proceeding. Common sense and common experience both indicate that the wealthy man who has lawyers and all the accompanying protective paraphernalia fares better in criminal trials than does his poor counterpart. The poor man has had to face the mysteries of the trial process, the profundities of the legal profession, and the facilities of government all by himself.

The Sixth Amendment to the Constitution directs, among other things, that, "In all prosecutions, the accused shall enjoy the right . . . to have the Assistance of Counsel." Yet, the common law has traditionally denied the right to counsel even in more serious criminal cases. It was not until 1932 that our Supreme Court recognized a right to demand counsel in state cases, and then it applied the protection of this rule only to offenses for which there could be capital punishment. These comprised a small minority of the serious cases arising in the states, and the jails have been full of prisoners who were tried and convicted and sentenced without having had the assistance of a lawyer. As late as 1944, the Supreme Court upheld this rule. Only last year, in the Gideon case, did the Court change this rule for the states, and uphold the right of indigent defendants to be represented by counsel at all criminal trials. The significance of this rule is that the American Bar Association recently estimated that about 150,000 defendants who are charged with serious state crimes each year cannot afford a lawyer.

But at that point new questions arise: Who the lawyer is, what facilities and assistance he is allowed, during what proceedings he is available, and whether he is paid anything for his work are all integral to a defendant's effective counsel. These questions are the

subject of the new Act; their treatment is a radically refreshing departure from the practices of the past.

The new Act, written with unusual simplicity, sets out the following future requirements for the federal judicial system. In every criminal proceeding, every defendant is to be advised at the earliest possible time of his absolute right to have counsel appointed to assist him if he is financially unable to get counsel himself. He is entitled to this representation from his initial appearance through all subsequent trial stages including appeal. He is entitled to this aid at any stage of the proceedings when his need for assistance develops, and he need not be absolutely impoverished. Attorneys appointed to represent indigents pursuant to this Act will be modestly compensated (\$15 an hour in court; \$10 an hour out of court) for work in court and preparing cases. Now they are not.

The bill goes further and allows counsel "to obtain investigative, expert, or other services necessary to an adequate defense in his case. . . ." This assistance is to be provided to all defendants who cannot afford it regardless of whether they can afford counsel. Thus the practicalities as well the legalities of criminal trials are recognized. Without this kind of often vital assistance the trial bout could be heavily, in fact awesomely, weighted in favor of the government and to the disadvantage of the poor accused. Finally, in a gesture toward local self-regulation, the bill calls upon the different federal district courts throughout the country to set up some system to implement this Act which best accommodates the local situations. Counsel may be selected from bar associations, legal aid societies, or from court-maintained lists of private practicing attorneys. Each federal district court is free to choose which specific plan it will use to implement the broad social policies required by the new law. Any combination of these alternatives *may* be used; but at least one of them *must* be used. And the plan must be in operation within one year from enactment of this bill.

The Administration's poverty program has focused attention on a condition which should not and need not exist in America today. It has created an environment and atmosphere which has made curative social legislation possible. There are over 10,000 federal criminal cases each year involving indigents. The United States Judicial Conference has urged legislation to cover this situation 17 times in the past. Every Attorney General since 1937 has supported the Conference's recommendation. Legislation like this law has passed the Senate three times in the past only to be held up each time by the House Judiciary Committee. Yet it was not until last week that the end came in sight. The most astonishing aspect of both the Gideon case and the Criminal Justice Act of 1964 is that it took America until this time to reach the point where an ideal which is so clear and meritorious finally will become a reality.

SUMMER SCHEDULE

*During the summer months,
The New Republic will not appear on:*

*July 18 August 1
August 15 August 29*

*Weekly publication will be resumed with
the issue dated September 5*

MISSISSIPPI

II—From Conversion to Coercion

by Christopher Jencks

There was a time, only a few years back, when the civil rights movement in the South was largely a Christian crusade and Martin Luther King its prophet. Non-violent protest was seen as a device for producing a "moral confrontation" between the races. Such a confrontation, the early leadership believed, would lead to a "crisis of conscience" in the white South, which could only end in the white supremacists' accepting their black brothers as equals (or even as moral teachers).

This "conversion strategy" failed—although not everyone perceived its failure immediately and some clerics in the movement (occasionally including King) still talk as if it could eventually work. But by the time the civil rights movement entered Mississippi in 1961, the "conversion strategy" was becoming a minority faith. The movement was going secular, and the assault on Mississippi was led by Robert Moses, a former Harvard graduate student, and the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee, not by Dr. King or the Southern Christian Leadership Conference. The movement had begun to evolve what might be called a strategy of limited coercion. The new strategy still relied heavily on non-violence and direct action, and it was supported by many who still talked about religion and morality. But the hope was no longer to win over the white supremacists to brotherly love; it was to make life so unpleasant for them that they would find compromise easier than massive resistance. Boycotts would hurt white business, demonstrations would cut into tourism. Perhaps more important, Negro protest of all kinds would provoke the white community into violent retaliation, and this would make it easier to pass federal civil rights legislation and harder for the offending community to attract Northern investors.

The "limited coercion" strategy worked fairly well in some parts of the "new" South, where the business community has become influential and a middle-class distaste for disorder and violence is pervasive. When the demonstrators forced such communities to choose between brutal repression and modest reforms, some chose reform. But Mississippi proved to be still part of the "old," unreconstructed South. Most Mississippians care more for preserving white supremacy than for profits, lawfulness or other symbols of "progress." In

such a setting demonstrations were useful only to build interest among local Negroes and to show the North that the right to vote was still not honored in Mississippi. Soon after entering the state, SNCC leaders began to realize that ending white supremacy in Mississippi would ultimately require the use of force.

This was not an easy thing for people committed to non-violence to believe, nor is it easy for white Northerners to believe today. Over and over we have been told that eventually the Southern white "moderates" would speak out and take control from the "extremists," that the "younger generation" of whites would have different views from the older, that industrialization and prosperity would eventually change Mississippi's outlook, or that some other "evolutionary" force would save the day. An outsider cannot judge such matters confidently, but I can report that very few of those with whom I talked last month in Mississippi, black or white, had much faith in any of these accommodating influences. Listening to them it seemed to me that if Mississippi were left to its own devices, racial conflict would steadily increase.

The present balance between violent whites, moderate whites, and non-violent blacks did not seem to me likely to change radically this year or next. So long as young Mississippi Negroes imagine that they can better their lot in the North, there will be a safety valve of sorts, and Negro violence will probably focus on the Northern ghettos where unemployed Negro adolescents and young adults are concentrated. But in the long run this very violence may persuade many black Mississippians that there is no point in moving North. If the young Negroes despair and stay in Mississippi, and if they cannot find jobs, regular meals, or even safety from the police in Mississippi's "niggertowns," they will presumably respond eventually as Harlem has long responded. The results could then be much worse than in the North. In most Northern cities public officials depend on Negro votes for office, and have some sympathy with the "legitimate" aspirations of the "decent, law-abiding Negroes." In Mississippi, Negro votes don't count and a "decent, law-abiding Negro" is not expected to have any aspirations. Once violence begins, there is not even a common set of ideals on the

basis of which a compromise can be sought.

But while white violence against Negroes will probably continue, and may evoke more sporadic counter-violence than in the past, an organized upheaval seems unlikely. Negroes in New York, like Malcolm X and Jesse Gray, talk about giving bloodshed a purpose by resorting to guerrilla tactics in Mississippi. Most Negroes on the scene know that such a venture, while appealing to some frustrated young adolescents in Mississippi's few miniature Harlems, could only end in disaster. Mississippi is not South Africa. Its black inhabitants are less numerous than its white ones, and they live on a largely white continent where outside sympathy or help would be unlikely once they started shooting. If black Mississippians were to attempt a violent attack on white supremacy, it is hard to be sure what would happen. Much would depend on the form violence took. Terrorism aimed at specific, objectionable sheriffs or businesses would be one thing; guerrilla warfare aimed at seizing power would be quite another. In the latter case the Negroes would probably end up decimated and "pacified" on "reservations," like the Indians before them. (The fate of the American Indian seldom gets the attention it deserves from black nationalists; it does not suggest that all-out violence or separatism holds much promise of success in America.)

Yet if Mississippi Negroes cannot hope to employ force successfully themselves, they can hope to play their cards cleverly enough so that the federal government will do their job for them. The present strategy of the civil rights movement in Mississippi rests on this hope. I do not mean that civil rights leaders in Mississippi are sitting on their hands waiting for the Justice Department to take over. If anything, the reverse is the case. But it is true that the civil rights workers spend as much time, energy, and blood trying to push the Administration harder and faster as trying to push white Mississippi.

What's the Problem?

Northern whites often find this kind of pressure on Washington irritating or puzzling. They feel the Negroes got as much as they had any right to hope for in the new Civil Rights Act, and they feel that "the problem is now one for the courts." This feeling is understandable, for it is based on the notion, widely disseminated by civil rights organizations in the past, that "the problem" is primarily one of segregation and discrimination. This may be true in some places. It is not true in Mississippi, and SNCC spokesmen have been saying as much since President Kennedy (for whom they had little love) sent his proposals to Congress more than a year ago.

The fact is that the new civil rights law, even if rigor-

ously enforced, would do little for the overwhelming majority of Mississippi Negroes. The Act is relevant largely to the Negro middle classes, a mere handful of whom are allowed to exist in Mississippi. The middle classes are the ones who can afford to eat in hitherto white restaurants and stay in hitherto white hotels. They are the ones whose children will be emotionally and intellectually prepared to profit from white middle-class teachers, and who will not have to drop out of school to work in the fields. They are the ones who will qualify for better jobs if and when discriminatory hiring is abandoned. It will mostly be they who will pass the voter registration tests if and when these are fairly administered.

The lives of most Mississippi Negroes, however, will remain unchanged, and they mostly know it. The Act does not speak either to their poverty or to their fear. Two-thirds of Mississippi's Negro families now have total income from all sources of less than \$2,000. The Act will have very little effect on that statistic. Almost all Mississippi Negro families have at least one breadwinner who could be fired tomorrow for displeasing a white employer. The Act will not change that either. Almost all rural Negro families subsist on credit from local storekeepers, who can cut it off at the whim of the white community. The Act will not change that. All Negroes, urban and rural, old and young, exist on the sufferance of local law enforcement officers, from whose kindness or brutality the Act offers no real appeal. Finally and most fundamentally, if a Mississippi Negro is to redress his grievances, the US Constitution requires him to go before a jury. This jury may not be all white, but it will inevitably include enough white supremacists to prevent a Negro's obtaining the unanimous vote in his favor which he would need to get his due from a white man. White supremacy is founded on social and economic relationships such as these, far more than on mere segregation or legally-provable discrimination.

The SNCC leadership in Mississippi seems to understand all this, perhaps too clearly. The Mississippi Summer Project has not sought to desegregate anything (except SNCC itself, which had been almost entirely black in Mississippi until this summer). There have been no sit-ins, and no boycotts of lily-white employers. Even the testing of the new public accommodations law has been left to visiting firemen like King and the NAACP delegation. SNCC represents a new generation of Negroes, unlike the Kings and Farmers and Wilkinses – or the Malcolms – and they have far less interest than their elders in such symbols of white supremacy as lunch counter segregation. They are rebellious and radical, and for the moment they have rejected their parents' hope that they would earn a place in white middle-class society and be satisfied with it. Over and over they tell a visitor (echoing James Baldwin), "We

don't want to be integrated into *your* society," or say of the whites who endlessly harass them, "We want more than equality with *them*." In part, such talk reflects the anti-white feeling of many young Negroes. But even more important in SNCC is bitter hostility to the middle classes, black or white. Why be integrated into white schools when white schools are so square – and lousy? Why fight to go to a fancy restaurant with white table cloths? Why struggle for the right to type some industrial baron's mail?

To Remake America

What these young radicals are looking for is not a chance to "make it" in white America, but a chance to remake America along more egalitarian and proletarian lines. They have chosen to begin in Mississippi for many reasons. Mississippi is "the worst," which appeals to the evangelical element in SNCC – to convert the greatest sinner would be the greatest triumph. Then too, all that SNCC's workers dislike in America is written bold in Mississippi, with ambiguities and shadings eliminated. Mississippi dramatizes the problems of the American Negro better than any other place, North or South. And drama is important not only in moving white liberal opinion but in activating Negroes. At the same time, the more ideological SNCC workers are fascinated by Mississippi because to their minds it comes closer to being a "pre-revolutionary situation" than any other in America. The poor, and especially the black poor, are a larger proportion of the population than in any other state. Furthermore, the black poor are largely free from what SNCC inevitably regards as the malign influence of the black bourgeoisie. The NAACP, traditional organ of the black middle class, has provided the state with a martyr (Medgar Evers) and with the current president of the Council of Federated Organizations (COFO), a federation of all civil rights organizations in the state. Yet in day-to-day practice COFO is a mere umbrella under which SNCC veterans, and particularly Robert Moses, run the Mississippi Summer Project, the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party and other ventures.

A word is perhaps in order here about charges of Communist infiltration in SNCC and the Summer Project. There is no doubt that at the rhetorical and ideological level, SNCC has been receptive to all the left-wing clichés of the 1930's. Why not? Until very recently the "mainstream" of the American intellectual tradition has hardly even recognized the possibility that a state like Mississippi could exist in modern America. Even so, SNCC's thinking is very "American," especially in its faith that the Constitution drafted by the Founding Fathers (and revised by the Radical Republicans) means what it says and will be their salvation. To plan a revolution on the assumption that it

can be carried out by the federal government, to believe that the "power structure" can be won over to your side is hardly Marxist. These young men seem to me to owe more to C. Wright Mills and the Populists than to Marx or Lenin.

When one turns from ideology to personnel, Communist influence wanes to the vanishing point. There are a number of white people on the fringes of SNCC, and among the volunteers working in Mississippi this summer, who have a history of association with left-wing causes. That any of these hangers-on or volunteers is actually a Communist Party member I doubt. Some are certainly verbal supporters of Castro, but few have a good word to say for Khrushchev. Some would undoubtedly like to use SNCC as a focus for a radical revival in America, concerned not just with civil rights but with other domestic and foreign issues. On the basis of my observation, however, it seems to me that there is fairly little danger of SNCC being "used" by anyone white. SNCC will not conduct an anti-Communist purge for public relations purposes, but nor will it submit to outside influence. Among the Negroes who make policy in SNCC the whole issue of "Communism" is simply irrelevant. They may be radical; they may even be dangerous; but this is because of their own experience and dreams as Negroes in America, not because of anything Moscow or Havana might have said or paid for.

What SNCC wants in Mississippi is nothing less than a second effort at Reconstruction, backed by whatever federal force and funds are necessary to make the venture successful. Desegregation would be an inevitable by-product. Every activity of the Summer Project – voter registration, the freedom schools, the community centers, the study of federal programs in the state, the effort to proselytize among poor whites – all relate to the overriding hope of redistributing political power.

SNCC's basic aim is now a political realignment in the state. First, SNCC hopes the Democratic Administration will repudiate the Mississippi Democratic Party, deprive its Congressional delegation of party privileges (notably the party seniority which makes them committee chairmen), and refuse to distribute pork and patronage through the present party machinery. A new Northern-style Democratic Party would then be organized in the state, with Negroes, labor unions and poor whites as the major shareholders. Conservative plantation owners and industrial managers, as well as small businessmen and die-hard segregationists, would presumably turn to the Republican Party. The new "liberal" Democratic Party could use its control of federal offices and federal spending (SNCC thinking does not seem to include the possibility that the Republicans might capture Washington) to make major social and economic changes in the state. The magnitude of potential federal influence is indicated by the

fact that two years ago Mississippi families each were contributing, directly or indirectly, an average of \$455 to the federal Treasury, while getting back (mostly indirectly) more than \$1,050 per family. Only a small fraction of this \$1,050 is available for social renovation, but even a small fraction would make a big difference in a state where almost half the Negro families now earn less than \$1,050 a year from all sources. Through control of federal patronage and broad appeal to the poorer residents of the state, the new-style Democrats might even capture state and local power – especially if there were enough federal intervention to enable large numbers of Negroes to vote. And if this were to happen not only in Mississippi but elsewhere in the South, the balance of power in Congress would shift left, and much more generous federal help in dealing with poverty would be forthcoming.

Their Chosen Hell

At first glance this all adds up to a very improbable scheme. But then any scheme which holds out real hope for Mississippi's 900,000 black inhabitants is inherently improbable. Probability is all on the side of despair, and the only "rational" plan SNCC could formulate would probably be massive emigration. But where can Mississippi Negroes go? Most of SNCC's top leaders come from the cities, North and South, to which Mississippi Negroes might flee. It was their disillusion with these places that set SNCC's veterans on the semi-revolutionary path which led to Mississippi. And it is the hope that Mississippi can ultimately be raised not just to the level of North Carolina or Maryland or New York, but something better than any existing model, that keeps not only the old-timers who set the tone in SNCC but the dozens of new recruits from within Mississippi in their chosen hell.

SNCC's political ambitions are increasingly focussed on the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party – an organization which usually follows American rather than African tradition by calling itself the "Freedom Party," not the "MFDP." In theory, the Freedom Party is to become the nucleus of a new Democratic Party in Mississippi. It has already put up candidates in the Democratic primary for the US Senate and House. These candidates, unlike their incumbent opponents, supported the national Democratic platform and the Johnson Administration's program. They lost. Now the Freedom Party is sending a delegation to the Democratic National Convention, challenging the credentials and loyalty of the "official" Democratic delegation, and asking to be seated instead. The challenge is based partly on the fact that the traditional Mississippi Democrats refused to give Negro voters a voice in the selection of the delegation, partly on the fact that most of the traditional Democratic Party in Mississippi is overt-

ly or covertly backing Barry Goldwater for President.

President Johnson's attitude toward this challenge was uncertain at the time this was written. He is said to have no hope of carrying the state in November. He is mainly concerned with the effect of the Mississippi fight on the November balloting in other states. He could lose a lot of Southern support if he questioned the legitimacy of Mississippi's white Democrats. He could lose Northern Negro votes by spurning Mississippi's black Democrats. He could lose Northern white votes if he seated the white Mississippians and if the thousands of Negro demonstrators expected in Atlantic City rioted.

Whatever happens in Atlantic City, the Freedom Party's long-term prospects depend on creating a black-white coalition within Mississippi which can win state and local elections. The difficulty is that so long as Negroes remain a tiny minority among registered voters, no white group has any incentive to negotiate with the Freedom Party. Today its support would be a liability, not an asset.

The only way to make a coalition viable would be to increase substantially the number of Negroes registered to vote. In 1960 Negroes made up 42 percent of Mississippi's inhabitants; if they also constituted 42 percent of the electorate, enough of Mississippi's white voters could probably be lured to some compromise candidate for him to win statewide office. This would certainly be true if the candidate had been promised a voice in distributing federal largesse within the state. In many counties Negroes are an absolute majority, and no such coalition would be needed.

In order to make Negroes anything like 42 percent of the electorate, however, major changes would have to be made in Mississippi's present voting laws. The present laws require, for example, that would-be voters answer, to the satisfaction of white supremacists, questions about the meaning of the state constitution and the duties of a citizen. These questions have no objectively "right" or "wrong" answers, and they invite discrimination by local registrars. Most registrars have accepted the invitation eagerly. The Justice Department has sought an injunction preventing the use of such questions throughout the state, but so far has not obtained it. Even if such an injunction were issued (and there is a good chance that it eventually will be), many literate Negroes would still be reluctant to apply. Black voters would probably not exceed 10 percent of the total. If the law requiring the publication of would-be voters' names were invalidated, if local registrars were replaced by federal ones, if the FBI were more energetic in investigating charges of harassment, intimidation and reprisals, and if the Justice Department were more eager to prosecute, perhaps Negro registration might rise to 15 or 20 percent of the total.

Beyond that, a major revolution would be required.

This is true because, although there are more Negroes than whites born each year in Mississippi, the combined effect of rural mechanization and employment discrimination forces a substantial fraction of young Negroes to leave the state soon after leaving school. White supremacists welcome the emigration and encourage it where possible. As a result, Negroes constitute only about 34 percent of all Mississippi adults, and by 1970 the proportion can be expected to drop to 30 percent.

More important, even a "color-blind" literacy test sharply reduces the proportion of Negroes in the electorate. The new Civil Rights Act says that completion of sixth grade establishes a "presumption" of literacy. But less than half Mississippi's adult Negroes meet this standard, for they began working in the fields when they were ten or eleven. *If Mississippi confined voting to those who had completed the sixth grade or passed some equivalent test Negroes would constitute only 21 percent of the eligible voters.* There is not a single county in which a majority of the elementary school graduates is black. Since today's young Negroes are getting a better education than their parents, one might expect their potential weight in the educated electorate to rise over the years. But it probably won't, because Mississippi's brighter and better educated Negro youngsters keep moving to Memphis or points North. Negroes today constitute almost exactly the same percentage of the elementary school graduates living in the state as their parents did in 1940. The only way to raise the proportion of black voters much above 20 percent in the foreseeable future would be for Congress to establish a huge adult literacy program. And for such a program to reach the mass of Mississippi Negroes, it would have to be administered directly from Washington, rather than working through state or local authorities. Yet direct federal control goes very much against the Congressional temper and is hardly likely. (It is of course also conceivable, though hardly probable, that a Constitutional Amendment might bar literacy tests for voting or that the Supreme Court might ban them on the ground that they violate the "equal protection" clause.)

Task for a Coalition

The probability is, however, that Negroes will not soon constitute more than a fifth of Mississippi's voters. Politically, this means that a liberal Democratic coalition would have to win the allegiance of about 40 percent of the state's white voters in order to capture statewide office. At present it is hard to imagine a candidate who could both win support from Negro voters and from 40 percent of the whites. J. P. Coleman, for example, got about 40 percent of the white vote in last year's gubernatorial primary, but he would

COMING: *Murray Kempton* *reports from Atlantic City* *on the Democratic* *National Convention*

probably have lost some of this support if he had had "official" Negro support and had made compromises on white supremacy to rally the Negro vote. Still, times change and politicians seldom remain permanently hostile to a fifth of the electorate. If Washington made a more energetic effort to get literate Negroes registered and if the White House were to make it clear that federal "goodies" would only be distributed through a local party that included Negroes, perhaps Mississippi's politics would gradually become like Tennessee's. But President Johnson has shown little sign yet of moving in this direction.

Today most Mississippi Negroes still seem to believe in the American dream, if not for themselves then for their children. (At bottom, this goes for most SNCC workers too.) Should they stop believing, as much of Harlem has, should they at long last strike back at white Mississippi, Northern support for their cause would be reduced to a whisper. If the military were to be used at that point it would be for repression, not reconstruction. The only obvious way to avoid such a potential disaster is to give Mississippi Negroes a major voice in their own destinies before they despair, making them part of the Mississippi "power structure." Only the federal government has the power to do this; certainly white Mississippians will not do it voluntarily.

What would make the federal government move decisively in time? Only killings, I fear. The Neshoba County tragedy was a beginning, but its effects lasted only a few weeks. It will probably take repeated and dramatic white violence against Negroes to elicit the necessary federal action. Such violence can hardly be welcomed, but it could at least have therapeutic consequences. If the present situation is simply allowed to deteriorate, and if large-scale black violence against whites eventually begins, it is hard to see how the circle of fear, violence and repression will ever be broken.

This is the second of two articles. Mr. Jencks' first article appeared on July 25.

Too Old at 45?

Twenty-five million American workers are over 45 years old and about a million of them are unemployed. By 1970 there will be 30 million workers in this age group, competing for jobs with a big influx of much younger workers entering the labor market, and it is feared the number of older unemployed will rise.

Although the government puts up a game front about there being more jobs somewhere, nobody yet has said precisely where they are. In consequence we are left with what we know: A well-established down-trend in farming and blue-collar occupations, and, for the first time in years, a slackening demand for white-collar workers, caused in large part by the automation that is enabling insurance companies, brokerage houses, banks and large corporations to cut back on office staffs.

Some examples show how work for people over 45 is declining:

► New York is one of several states that forbids discrimination in hiring on the grounds of age, but New York City employment agencies say they are seeing more and more men over 45 whom nobody wants. "Older people have become our biggest concern, our biggest headache," said Claire Burgoyne, executive secretary of the Association of Personnel Agencies of New York. Many unemployed over 45 are white-collar.

► Supermarkets are booming, but jobs have not increased. Unions claim there has been a speed-up in work instead, to the disadvantage of the older worker. "In a chain store, when a man's past 40 and can't run any more, they start looking around for a young guy to ease him out," says Earl McDavid, head of the New York regional office of the Retail Clerks International Association. "It's been happening increasingly over the past five years. They get them out by building up so much pressure the guy decides to look for something a little easier to do." Incidentally, companies are retiring executives at earlier ages. Sometimes a man is offered retirement at 60. He may refuse. The management slowly takes his work away until he accepts.

Some jobs once held by older people have just disappeared. Ten years ago in Manhattan, Howard Coughlin, of Office Employees International Union, remembers there were 55,000 elevator operators, most of them men over 40. They are no longer needed. Women who once worked switchboards at hotels are disappearing; duplicating machines have eliminated the need for copy typists, many of whom were older women. Technologies change fast and skills disappear overnight. In one company, computers were once checked out at the end of a production line by a highly skilled technician. Now a special testing machine, operated by a former mail room attendant, is plugged into the computer. Lights flash to pinpoint bad circuits which then are referred to a technician for fixing.

Last December, Studebaker shut down its plant in South Bend, Ind., putting 8,000 people on the streets. Among them were 3,556 over the age of 50; seven months later, half of this group still were looking for jobs. Both the government and the National Council on Aging are trying to help them find work, retraining them if need be.

JAMES RIDGEWAY

"Overqualified"

New York

The advertisement read: *French-English Secretary \$125. Airline. 3-4 Yrs. Exp. Gd. Educ. Bkgd.*

Everything seemed to fit like a glove. I have many years of airline experience, know three languages besides French and English, and have a fair education.

A young man handed me an application form which stated: "It Is Against N.Y. State Law To Discriminate Because Of Age."

He said they had nothing at the salary I asked (which was exactly the salary mentioned in the ad). When I pointed this out, the young man said: "Yes, but they will pay that only to the girl who has the exact qualifications they ask."

"They require a knowledge of French," I replied. "I have that, plus a knowledge of three other foreign languages. Do you mean to say that they will pay the salary they offer to a person who knows French, but not to a person who knows other languages as well?"

The young man's reaction indicated that I had got the idea. "My dear girl," he said, "you are overqualified."

"Are you telling me that these people are willing to pay a high salary to someone with little experience, but not to some one with more experience?"

"That's right," he said.

"Age would not have anything to do with it, by any chance, would it?" I persisted.

The young man shrugged his shoulders, regretted that he could not help me, and thanked me for dropping by.

I went home and looked again at the classified pages. My eyes skipped over the "need 0-1-2-3 years experience" ads. What was left? Tucked away modestly here and there were two or three job offers, proclaiming charitably "Mature OK," and, somewhat less charitably, mentioning far lower salaries than those offered to the less mature.

What does one do? I have no answer. The situation is far from whimsical. But the newly-created terminology is. I can just see the young man, whispering into his girl friend's ear: "I know, Maggie, it is very rude of me to ask you this, but how 'overqualified' are you?"

R. A. SAUNDERS

The Push for Early Retirement

by Merton C. Bernstein

The UAW this summer will ask the auto companies for optional "early retirement" with full benefits at age 60, and compulsory retirement at age 65 instead of the present 68. Other unions are "following the leader." Demands to lower the Social Security retirement age to 60 are growing more insistent. "Optional" earlier retirement often in practice is forced on older workers by younger workers; since retirement at age 62, with *reduced* benefits, became available under Social Security, many men between 62 and 65 have found such pressure irresistible.

This drive to push out the elderly to protect jobs for the young (really those in their middle years) comes from the rank and file. Yet it is questionable that for every forced retirement a job will open up for younger workers. Some employers are willing to defer an employee's separation until he reaches retirement; when he leaves, the job is blanked. One utility company reports that it filled only one out of eight jobs vacated by retirees: it introduced new devices to coincide with retirements.

The supply of workers in their "prime" working years – between 30 and 45 – will grow proportionally smaller over the next several years, because of the lower birth rates of the depression years. Therefore these people should be in greater demand by employers.

The cost of benefits for early retirees is high. The same money could be better spent to promote more adequate retirement protection and greater job security. The cost for private pension plans would vary considerably, depending upon the age distribution of the employees. For one group analyzed by me, normal retirement age of 65 would be about 25 percent more expensive than age 68. According to one union estimate, reducing retirement age to 60 from 65 would increase plan costs 50 percent. For some plans the differential would be even greater. And a reduction of retirement age to 60 under Social Security might require a payroll tax increase of one full percent of covered payroll, in addition to the present nine and one-quarter percent which is equally shared by employer and employee, *i.e.*, a boost of better than 10 percent.

Exiling the elderly from their work while they still are able and willing to do their jobs inflicts a great

psychological wound as well as hurting them financially. This may explain why a high proportion of older workers declare that they want to keep working past 65, but that most of those out of work after 65 tell interviewers that they are not well enough to work. Not only is status destroyed, but the whole pattern of social life is disrupted with loss of a job, because the work place also provides a man's closest companions and many of his leisure activities.

Exile from the job also results in financial demotion; economic want becomes more severe as the years go by. We have yet to realize the need in which most retirees live. Just consider that the average retiree's Social Security benefit is \$80 for men and \$120 for couples – which means that perhaps *half* of the 13 million retirees and their survivors over 65 draw less. Nor do private pensions help many of them. Moreover, private plan benefits generally are quite modest. Even the relatively opulent steelworker and auto-worker plans provide (with Social Security benefits) less than half the retirees' former earnings. Who wants to try to live on less than half his current income? Little wonder that about two out of three elderly persons live below the poverty level – as compared with one out of five in the population at large.

The earlier we retire people the sooner they will fall below the poverty level because their fixed benefits are eroded by inflation, their earning power is diminished by age, and the benefits themselves *must* be smaller than they would be if retirement age was higher. This is obviously so because most plans pay in proportion to length of service, therefore any amount of money available for retirement income will provide smaller benefits for each year, if these must be paid out for more years. Moreover, under private plans, where earnings on pension fund principal often generate a large portion of the benefit, the earlier the benefit is drawn the shorter is its period of earning. Not only will most of the unemployed aged live miserably, many will be financial burdens to their children or their communities. Pretty clearly, their consumer purchasing power will be weak at a time when the economy needs all the effective consumers it can get.

Older job seekers, who according to the Department of Labor already account for a disproportionately high amount of chronic unemployment among displaced men, will be given yet another handicap. Employing them will be yet more expensive if they must be re-

MERTON C. BERNSTEIN is a labor arbitrator, lecturer at Yale Law School and author of the recently published book, *The Future of Private Pensions*.

tired earlier, because of the increased pension costs. Moreover, retraining them will be even less worthwhile because the costs, often high, will be amortized over a shorter period of work.

Better use can be made of whatever amounts are won for retirement programs in collective bargaining and from Congress.

Underlying the proposal for earlier retirement is the notion that it is better to unemploy an older worker with a regular source of income (Social Security and perhaps pension as well) rather than a younger worker with larger family responsibilities and without the substitute income source. This overestimates the income available to the older jobless person. In more and more states, he does not receive unemployment compensation benefits if getting a private pension benefit. Also younger workers usually *will* have unemployment compensation benefits, which usually will exceed the combined Social Security and private pension benefits of a comparable retiree, though unemployment compensation runs out after a specified number of weeks, usually 26.

The younger unemployed person is more employable than the older. He is more retrainable because of generally superior education and often superior learning power. For those now in their 50's and 60's a full high school education was a rarity; for younger workers it was a commonplace. The costs of training younger workers represent a better investment because they can be at their new work for longer.

While the Getting Is Good

In contrast, where employment opportunities are shrinking and earlier retirement permits younger workers to stay on their present but tenuous jobs longer, many may last only long enough to reach the age at which reemployment and retraining opportunities are less promising – a category which today sets in at age 45 or even lower. In other words, what I suggest is that younger employees should get out of unpromising job situations while the getting is good.

Rather than unemploy the (not-so) elderly workers, our efforts should be upon retraining the young, possibly even *before* they become unemployed, in the many new skills for which there *is* a demand. Retraining subsistence allowances under the Manpower Development and Training Act are limited to the state's average unemployment compensation benefits, which are pretty low especially when compared to the regular wages of those with good jobs – the kind of worker being talked about here. Special retraining allowances attractive enough to prevent loss of earnings would be necessary to persuade younger workers to leave well-paying jobs to undertake training for new skills. Of course, some such employees might be on lay-off. Even

with many of them, training allowances would have to be far more substantial than they are today for them to decide to train for a different job and, in effect, concede that their chances of recall to the old were gone; understandably, workers do this very reluctantly.

There are supposed to be several hundred thousand highly-skilled jobs going begging; it is difficult to train the unskilled and semi-skilled for many of these tasks, but many highly-skilled employees would fit the bill. If we were to enable and induce promising younger people, both unemployed and employed, to train for those jobs, we would achieve more production of goods and services which are in demand (that's why the jobs are open); greater status and financial security for older employees; and well-paying jobs which are relatively secure for younger workers.

Such an arrangement assumes that *some* of the quite prodigious amounts required for earlier retirement (both under private plans and Social Security) would be devoted to higher retraining benefits and, in some cases, more expensive and longer training for the younger transferring workers. That should leave a substantial surplus for making improvements in the benefits and protection afforded to those who retire at the older ages. There, the first order of business is to boost Social Security benefits above their prevailing below-subsistence levels, especially for widows – many quite aged – for whom the average benefit is less than \$60 a month.

Our private pension system also stands in need of basic improvement, indeed some profound redesigning. Obviously widows – especially older ones – are in urgent need of a supplement to their Social Security benefit – only a bare handful of plans provide one. Most plans provide paltry death benefits for survivors of those workers who die *before* reaching retirement age. Benefits for such younger widows (many not eligible for any Social Security benefits) and children should also receive high priority.

Under the typical private pension plans most employees separated from their jobs lose the entire value of their pension credits – they might just as well have never been under a plan. This stems from the fact that eligibility depends upon retiring while still employed by the company or, if separated before that, having had service with that company of 10 or 15 years and reaching age 45 or 40; conditions not met by most who leave or are put out of their jobs. Plans should enable most separated employees to take with them at least some of the value represented by their earned credits – the more the better – so that when they reach retirement their resources will be more adequate to provide a standard of living of decency. (Such arrangements, known as “vesting,” could be facilitated by a national private pension clearing house, a proposal to which I devote a substantial part of my book.)

Dreiser and the Tragedy

by Irving Howe

Though surely Dreiser's major achievement, *An American Tragedy* is not the work of a master who, at the approach of old age, decides upon a revolutionary break from the premises and patterns of his earlier writing. For that order of boldness Dreiser lacked a sufficient self-awareness and sophistication as an artist; he was cut off from too much of the tradition of Western, even American, culture to do anything but continue with his version of naturalism. He was the kind of writer who must keep circling about the point of his beginnings, forever stirred by memories of his early struggles and preoccupations. All such a writer can hope for—a very great deal—is to mine his talent to its very depth; and that Dreiser did in *An American Tragedy*. Still, there are some changes from the earlier novels, and most of them to the good.

The prose, while quite as clotted and ungainly as in the past, is now more consistent in tone and less adorned with "literary" paste gems. Solecisms, pretentiousness and gaucherie remain, but the prose has at least the negative virtue of calling less attention to itself than in some of the earlier books. And there are long sections packed with the kind of specification that in Dreiser makes for a happy self-forgetfulness, thereby justifying Philip Rahv's remark that one finds here "a prosiness so primary in texture that if taken in bulk it affects us as a kind of poetry of the commonplace and ill-favored."

For the first and last time Dreiser is wholly in the grip of his vision of things, so that he feels little need for the buttress of comment or the decoration of philosophizing. Dreiser is hardly the writer whose name would immediately occur to one in connection with T. S. Eliot's famous epigram that Henry James had a mind so fine it could not be violated by ideas; yet if

there is one Dreiser novel concerning which something like Eliot's remark might apply, it is *An American Tragedy*. What Eliot said has sometimes been taken, quite absurdly, as if it were a recommendation for writers to keep themselves innocent of ideas; actually he was trying to suggest the way a novelist can be affected by ideas yet must not allow his work to become a mere illustration for them. And of all Dreiser's novels *An American Tragedy* is the one that seems least cluttered with unassimilated formulas and preconceptions.

Where the earlier novels dealt with somewhat limited aspects of American life, *An American Tragedy*, enormous in scope and ambition, requires to be judged not merely as an extended study of the American lower-middle-class during the first years of the 20th Century but also as a kind of parable of our national experience. Strip the story to its bare outline, and see how much of American desire it involves: An obscure youth, amiable but weak, is lifted by chance from poverty to the possibility of winning pleasure and wealth. To gain these ends he must abandon the pieties of his fundamentalist upbringing and sacrifice the tender young woman who has given him a taste of pure affection. All of society conspires to persuade him that his goals are admirable, perhaps even sacred; he notices that others, no better endowed than himself, enjoy the privileges of money as if it were in the very nature of things that they should; but the entanglements of his past now form a barrier to realizing his desires, and to break through this barrier he must resort to criminal means. As it happens, he does not commit the murder he had planned, but he might as well have, for he is trapped in the machinery of social punishment and destroyed. "So well defined is the

sphere of social activity that he who departs from it is doomed."

Now this story depends upon one of the most deeply-grounded fables in our culture. Clyde Griffiths, the figure in Dreiser's novel who acts it out, is not in any traditional sense either heroic or tragic. He has almost no assertive will, he lacks any large compelling idea, he reveals no special gift for the endurance of pain. In his puny self he is little more than a clouded reflection of the puny world about him. His significance lies in the fact that he represents not our potential greatness but our collective smallness, the common denominator of our foolish tastes and tawdry ambitions. He is that part of ourselves in which we take no pride, but know to be a settled resident. And we cannot dismiss him as a special case or an extreme instance, for his weakness is the essential shoddiness of mortality. By a twist of circumstance he could be a junior executive, a country-club favorite; he almost does manage to remake himself to the cut of his fantasy; and he finds in his rich and arrogant cousin Gilbert an exasperating double, the young man he too might be. Clyde embodies the nothingness at the heart of our scheme of things, the nothingness of our social aspirations. If Flaubert could say, *Emma Bovary, c'est moi*, Dreiser could echo, *Clyde Griffiths, he is us*.

We have then in Clyde a powerful representation of our unacknowledged values, powerful especially since Dreiser keeps a majestic balance between sympathy and criticism. He sees Clyde as a characteristic reflex of "the vast skepticism and apathy of life," as a characteristic instance of the futility of misplaced desire in a society that offers little ennobling sense of human potentiality. Yet he nevertheless manages to make the consequences of Clyde's mediocrity, if not the mediocrity itself, seem tragic. For in this youth there is concentrated the tragedy of human waste: energies, talents, affections all unused—and at least in our

time the idea of human waste comprises an essential meaning of tragedy. It is an idea to which Dreiser kept returning both in his fiction and his essays:

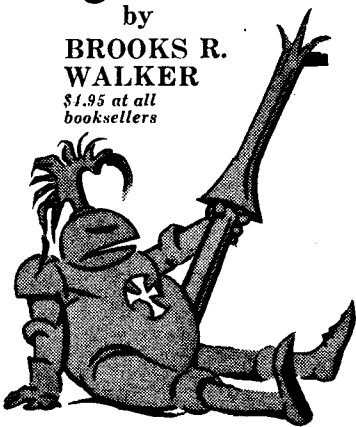
"When one was dead one was dead for all time. Hence the reason for the heartbreak over failure here and now; the awful tragedy of a love lost, a youth never properly enjoyed. Think of living and yet not living in so thrashing a world as this, the best of one's hours passing unused or not properly used. Think of seeing this tinkling phantasmagoria of pain and pleasure, beauty and all its sweets, go by, and yet being compelled to be a bystander, a mere onlooker, enhungered and never satisfied."

The first half of *An American Tragedy* is given to the difficult yet, for Dreiser's purpose, essential task of persuading us that Clyde Griffiths, through his very lack of distinction, represents

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a major possibility in American experience. Toward this end Dreiser must accumulate a large sum of substantiating detail. He must show Clyde growing up in a family both materially and spiritually impoverished. He must show Clyde reaching out for the small pleasures, the trifles of desire, and learning from his environment how splendid are these induced wants. He must show Clyde, step by step, making his initiation into the world of sanctioned America, first through shabby and then luxury hotels, where he picks up the signals of status. He must show Clyde as the very image and prisoner of our culture, hungering with its hungers, empty with its emptiness.

Yet all the while Dreiser is also preparing to lift Clyde's story from this mere typicality, for he wishes to go beyond the mania for the average which is a bane of naturalism. Everything in this story is ordinary, not least of all the hope of prosperity through marriage—everything but the fact that Clyde begins to act out, or is treated as if he had acted out, the commonplace fantasy of violently disposing of a used-up lover. This is the sole important departure from ordinary verisimilitude in the entire novel, and Dreiser must surely have known that it was. In the particular case upon which he drew for *An American Tragedy*, the young man did kill his pregnant girl; but Dreiser must nevertheless have realized that in the vast majority of such crises the young man dreams of killing and ends by marrying. Dreiser understood, however, that in fiction the effort to represent common experience requires, at one or two crucial points, an effect of heightening, an intense exaggeration. Clyde's situation may be representative, but his conduct must be extreme. And is that not one way of establishing the dramatic: to drive a representative situation to its limits of possibility?

In *An American Tragedy* Dreiser solved the problem which vexes all naturalistic novelists: how to relate harmoniously a large panorama of realism with a sharply-contoured form. Dreiser is endlessly faithful to common experience. No one, not even the critics who have most harshly attacked

the novel, would care to deny the credibility of Clyde and Roberta Alden, the girl he betrays; most of the attacks on Dreiser contain a mute testimony to his achievement, for in order to complain about his view of life they begin by taking for granted the "reality" of his imagined world. Yet for all its packed detail, the novel is economically structured—though one must understand that the criterion of economy for this kind of novel is radically different from that for a James or Conrad novel. In saying all this I do not mean anything so improbable as the claim that whatever is in the book belongs because it is there; certain sections, especially those which prepare for Clyde's trial, could be cut to advantage; but the over-all architecture has a rough and impressive craftsmanship.

The action of the novel moves like a series of waves, each surging forward to a peak of tension and then receding into quietness, and each, after the first one, reenacting in a more complex and perilous fashion the material of its predecessor. Clyde in Kansas City, Clyde in Chicago, Clyde alone with Roberta in Lycurgus, Clyde on the edge of the wealthy set in Lycurgus—these divisions form the novel until the point where Roberta is drowned, and each of them acts as a reflector on the other, so that there is a mounting series of anticipations and variations upon the central theme. Clyde's early flirtation with a Kansas City shopgirl anticipates, in its chill manipulateness, the later and more important relationship with Sondra Finchley, the rich girl who seems to him the very emblem of his fantasy. Clyde's childhood of city poverty is paralleled by the fine section presenting the poverty of Roberta's farm family. The seduction and desertion of Clyde's unmarried sister anticipates Clyde's seduction and desertion of Roberta. Clyde receives his preliminary education in the hotels where he works as bell-boy, and each of these serves as a microcosm of the social world he will later break into. Clyde's first tenderness with Roberta occurs as they float on a rowboat; the near-murder, equally passive, also on a rowboat. The grasping Clyde is reflected through a series of minor hotel figures and then through the antipathetic but comple-

mentary figures of his cousin Gilbert and Sondra; while the part of him that retains some spontaneous feeling is doubled by Roberta, thereby strengthening one's impression that Clyde and Roberta are halves of an uncompleted self, briefly coming together in a poignant unity but lacking the emotional education that would enable them to keep the happiness they have touched. There are more such balancings and modulations, which in their sum endow the novel with a rhythm of necessity.

Reinforcing this narrative rhythm is Dreiser's frequent shifting of the distance he keeps from his characters. At some points he establishes an almost intolerable closeness to Clyde, so that we feel locked into the circle of the boy's moods, while at other points he pulls back to convey the sense that Clyde is but another helpless creature among thousands of helpless creatures struggling to get through their time. In the chapters dealing with Clyde upon his arrival at Lycurgus, Dreiser virtually *becomes* his character, narrowing to a hairline the distance between Clyde and himself, in order to make utterly vivid Clyde's pleasure at finding a girl as yielding as Roberta. By contrast, there are sections in which Dreiser looks upon his story from a great height, especially in the chapters after Roberta's death, where his intent is to suggest how impersonal is the working of legal doom and how insignificant Clyde's fate in the larger motions of society. Through these shifts in perspective Dreiser can show Clyde in his double aspect, both as solitary figure and symbolic agent.

In the first half of the novel Dreiser prepares us to believe that Clyde *could* commit the crime: which is to say, he prepares us to believe that a part of ourselves could commit the crime. At each point in the boy's development there occurs a meeting between his ill-formed self and the surrounding society. The impoverishment of his family life and the instinctual deprivation of his youth leave him a prey to the values of the streets and the hotels; yet it is a fine stroke on Dreiser's part that only through these tawdry values does Clyde really become aware of his impoverishment and deprivation.

Yearning gives way to cheap desire and false gratification, and these in turn create new and still more incoherent yearnings. It is a vicious circle and the result is not, in any precise sense, a self at all, but rather the beginning of that poisonous fabrication which in America we call a "personality." The hotels are his college, and there he learns to be "insanely eager for all the pleasures which he saw swirling around him." The sterile moralism of his parents cannot provide him with the strength to resist his environment or a principle by which to overcome it. The first tips he receives at the Green-Davidson hotel seem to him "fantastic, Aladdinish really." When he tries to be romantic with his first girl, the images that spring to his mind are of the ornate furnishings in the hotel. Later, as he contemplates killing Roberta, the very idea for the central act in his life comes from casual reading of a newspaper. It would be hard to find in American literature another instance where the passivity, rootlessness and self-alienation of urban man is so authoritatively presented. For in one sense Clyde does not exist, but is merely a creature of his milieu. And just as in Dreiser's work the problem of human freedom becomes critically acute through a representation of its decline, so the problem of awareness is brought to the forefront through a portrait of its negation.

Even sexuality, which often moves through Dreiser's world like a thick fog, is here diminished and suppressed through the power of social will. Clyde discovers sex as a drugstore clerk, "never weary of observing the beauty, the daring, the self-sufficiency and the sweetness" of the girls who come to his counter. "The wonder of them!" All of these fantasies he then focusses on the commonplace figure of Sondra Finchley, Heloise as a spoiled American girl. Apart from an interval with Roberta, in which he yields to her maternal solicitude, Clyde's sexuality never breaks out as an irresistible force; it is always at the service of his fears, his petty snobbism, his calculations.

Now all of this is strongly imagined, yet what seems still more notable is Dreiser's related intuition that even in a crippled psyche there remain, eager and available, the capacities we asso-

ciate with a life of awareness. False values stunt and deform these capacities, but in some pitiful way also express and release them. Clyde and Roberta are from the beginning locked in mutual delusion, yet the chapters in which they discover one another are also extremely tender as an unfolding of youthful experience. That this can happen at all suggests how indestructible the life-force is; that Dreiser can portray it in his novels is the reward of his compassion. He is rarely sentimental, he reckons human waste to the bitter end; but at the same time he hovers over these lonely figures, granting them every ounce of true feeling he possibly can, insisting that they too—clerk and shopgirl, quite like intellectual and princess—can know "a kind of ecstasy all out of proportion to the

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fragile, gimcrack scene" of the Starlight Amusement Park.

Dreiser surrenders himself to the emotional life of his figures, not by passing over their delusions or failures but by casting all his energy into evoking the fullness of their experience. And how large, finally, is the sense of the human that smolders in this book! How unwavering the feeling for "the sensitive and seeking individual in his pitiful struggle with nature—with his enormous urges and his pathetic equipment!" Dreiser's passion for detail is a passion for his subject; his passion for his subject, a passion for the suffering of men. As we are touched by Clyde's early affection for Roberta, so later we participate vicariously in his desperation to be rid of her. We share this desire with some shame, but unless we count ourselves among the hopelessly pure, we share it.

Other naturalists, when they show a character being destroyed by overwhelming forces, frequently leave us with a sense of littleness and helplessness, as if the world were collapsed. Of Dreiser that is not, in my own experience, true. For he is always on the watch for a glimmer of transcendence, always concerned with the possibility of magnitude. Clyde is pitiable, his life and fate are pitiable; yet at the end we feel a somber exaltation, for we know that *An American Tragedy* does not seek to persuade us that human existence need be without value or beauty.

No, for Dreiser life is something very different. What makes him so absorbing a novelist, despite grave faults, is that he remains endlessly open to experience. This is something one cannot say easily about most modern writers, including those more subtle and gifted

than Dreiser. The trend of modern literature has often been toward a recoil from experience, a nausea before its flow, a denial of its worth. Dreiser, to be sure, is unable to make the finer discriminations among varieties of experience; and there is no reason to expect these from him. But he is marvelous in his devotion to whatever portion of life a man can have; marvelous in his conviction that something sacred resides even in the transience of our days; marvelous in his feeling that the grimmest of lives retain the possibility of "a mystic something of beauty that perennially transfigures the world." Transfigures—that is the key word, and not the catch-phrases of mechanistic determinism he furnished his detractors.

Santayana, in his lecture on Spinoza, speaks of "one of the most important and radical of religious perceptions":

"It has perceived that though it is living, it is powerless to live; that though it may die, it is powerless to die; and that altogether, at every instant and in every particular, it is in the hands of some alien and in-

scrutable power.

Of this felt power I profess to know nothing further. To me, as yet, it is merely the counterpart of my impotence. I should not venture, for instance, to call this power almighty, since I have no means of knowing how much it can do: but I should not hesitate, if I may coin a word, to call it *omnificent*: it is to me, by definition, the doer of everything that is done. I am not asserting the physical validity of this sense of agency or cause: I am merely feeling the force, the friendliness, the hostility, the unfathomableness of the world."

Dreiser, I think, would have accepted these words, for the power of which Santayana speaks is the power that flows, in all its feverish vibration, through *An American Tragedy*.

This is the second and concluding section of an essay which, in a somewhat different form, will serve as the introduction to the New American Library's forthcoming edition of An American Tragedy.

Two Senators on Statecraft

by Gerald W. Johnson

Even their opponents—perhaps first of all their opponents—admit that Fulbright and Humphrey are two of the ablest members of the United States Senate. From one angle, therefore, it may be seen as a sardonic commentary

Old Myths and New Realities

by J. W. Fulbright

(Random House; \$1.45)

War on Poverty

by Hubert H. Humphrey

(McGraw-Hill; \$4.95)

on the times that two exceptionally intelligent statesmen feel impelled to write books dealing with the elements, the primary texts, of statecraft. Fulbright attacks superstition. Humphrey attacks poverty. It would seem pertinent, then, to ask, does it take Einstein to teach the multiplication table?

From another angle, however, these books may be viewed as evidence of the soundness of our political system. Fulbright and Humphrey are Senators, not professional philosophers; superstition and poverty are concrete problems; the "U" in US stands for United, not Utopian; hence United States Senators are better engaged when they deal with concrete problems than when they essay to extend the boundaries of modern thought.

This is not to say that the books are devoid of originality. Fulbright's, especially, is full of ideas that, while not novel in themselves, are presented in novel and striking forms. Humphrey's is more severely practical; but his analysis of the causes and effects of poverty in this country offers inferences that many of us had never drawn, although they are perfectly obvious once they

"IN THE DAYS before the Age of Discovery, maps showed whole areas with such markings as 'Here be Monsters.' It would seem to be such maps of the American political scene that our experts have been using. They had best wake up and find themselves new maps of the true terrain, with its peaks and plateaus of conservative sentiment and its roaring water-courses of revolt against Eastern Liberal domination."

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are mentioned. The theme of both books is that most of the problems that confront us are of our own making, hence capable of solution by a reversal of the process that created them.

The comfort in this is, of course, sharply restricted. Humphrey sums up with brutal frankness:

"Will we have the combination of imagination and courage to live up to the traditions of our own heritage that has raised us to our present state? Our predecessors, as far back as the founding fathers, possessed these virtues. Are we of their stature?"

If the answer is in the negative, he has no doubt of the outcome:

"...this poverty will extend not simply to those who are labeled poor for economic reasons, but to all of us."

Ample discomfort there is in this, but no originality. It is as old as Solomon's dictum that "where there is no vision the people perish."

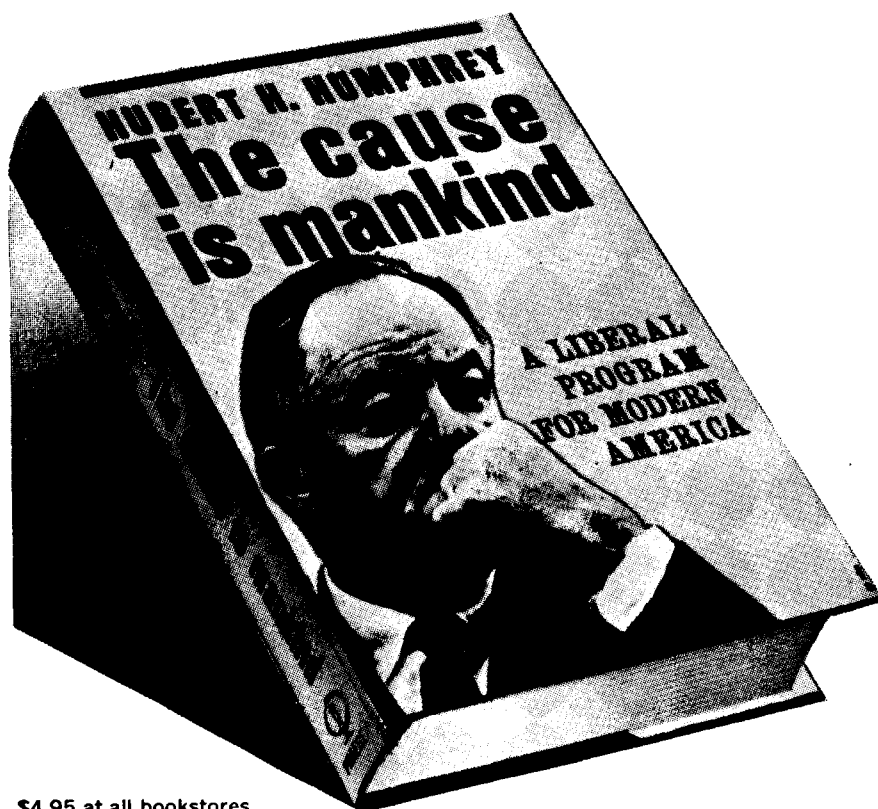
Fulbright arrives at a similar conclusion, but by a different avenue. His point is that for vision we are prone to substitute hallucination, but the effect is the same. The evidence with which he drives home his point is shockingly plausible.

His book is an extension and development of a number of his recent speeches, particularly that one of March 25, 1964, in which he stirred up a furor by asserting that our view of Castro is colored and distorted by mythology. The instant assumption in some quarters was that Fulbright was trying to build up Castro and pull down Johnson. What he was actually doing was trying to pull back on to solid reality a debate that seemed to be wandering off into the bogs of superstition.

That effort he continues in the book; but one of its more interesting, although less important features is the foreword in which he explains and defends his position. The fact that he deemed it necessary to write such a defense is eloquent of the difficulty and often the danger of trying to inject

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realism into a political argument; yet it is essential if argument is to lead to a rational decision.

It is not necessary to accept uncritically every one of the Senator's assertions to appreciate the basic soundness of his position. Indeed, it is hard to believe that any rational man will disagree with his own statement of his quandary:

"The root question, for which I must confess I have no answer, is how and why it is that so much of the energy and intelligence that men would use to make life better for themselves is used instead to make life difficult and painful for other men."

Who does have an answer? Yet constant repetition of the question seems to be the only means of reminding us

that it exists and that the search for an answer is the ultimate, although not the immediate business of statecraft. The peculiar merit of this book is that the question is repeated with a clarity and force attainable only by a master of style. *Old Myths and New Realities* is first of all highly readable, remarkably so for a book that penetrates as far below the surface as this one does; and in the second place it challenges liberals and conservatives, one about as sternly as the other.

Senator Humphrey suffers somewhat from careless proof-reading that allows him repeatedly to say "millions" where the context shows that he means "billions," and Senator Fulbright handles civil rights with rather more discretion than valor; but on the whole the books are valuable contributions to the current debate, adding to it both warmth and light.

Killing With Kindness

by Richard P. Brickner

While *The Soul of Kindness* is a "quiet" book, its quietness and what its quietness contains are both of rather unusual interest; further, this is a novel least successful when noisiest: its climax rings loudly but a bit tinnily, and its most dramatic moments ensue from nothing more sensational, for example, than a trivial, catty remark dropped into a mundane letter. (Just

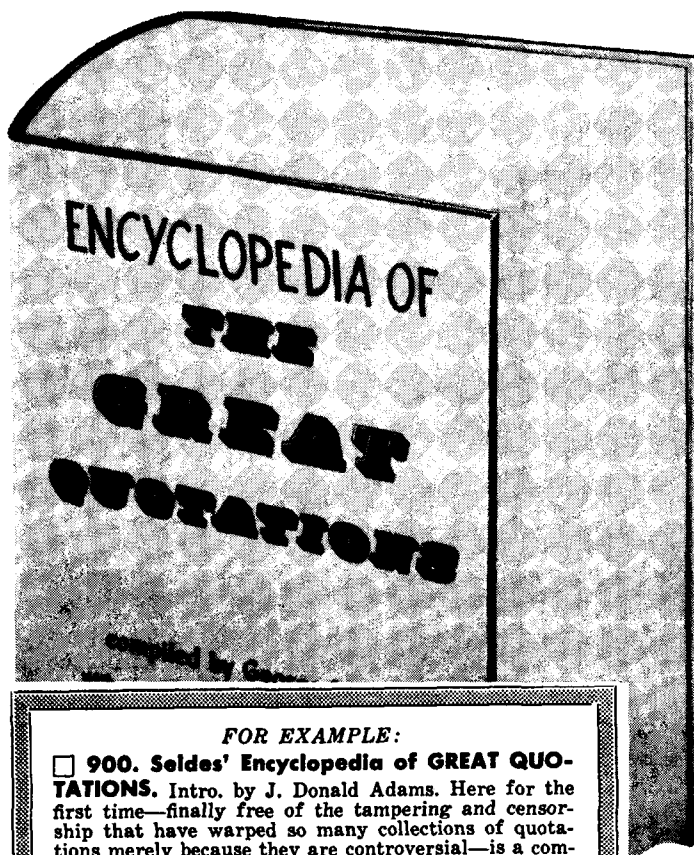
The Soul of Kindness
by Elizabeth Taylor
(Viking; \$4.50)

consider, by the way, how wonderful it is that such a letter, of no intrinsic import, in the hands of a novelist who knows exactly what she and her characters are doing — as they do not — can have the chilling effect of a sudden crash in a room upstairs one has thought unoccupied.) In this letter, the lonely, decent mother of the book's "heroine" expresses to her daughter her impatience with her lonely, decent, but stupid housekeeper, Miss Folley, who, all nosy kindness, insists on mailing the letter for her mistress. The rest is deli-

ciously painful silence.

The Soul of Kindness is built almost entirely on such small events, on acts of pettiness or else of petty kindness, which, significantly, both produce more or less unfortunate results. Flora Secretan Quartermaine, who stands at the center of the novel, does the most harm the most unwittingly. (She herself can be wounded by a feather, but never for long, since no one can bear to let her suffer, sometimes despite himself. Mrs. Taylor has even seen to it that when Flora cares for someone who has caught the flu caring for someone else, Flora doesn't catch it.) Yet, this central character is the sort of person people deficient in irony — insight — would call "the soul of kindness," the novel is not really about her, but about the generic Soul of Kindness, with Flora merely its most obvious aspect. The book's dozen-odd other characters are all required for the filling-out of Mrs. Taylor's subtly panoramic vision of virtue as vice and, to some extent, vice-versa.

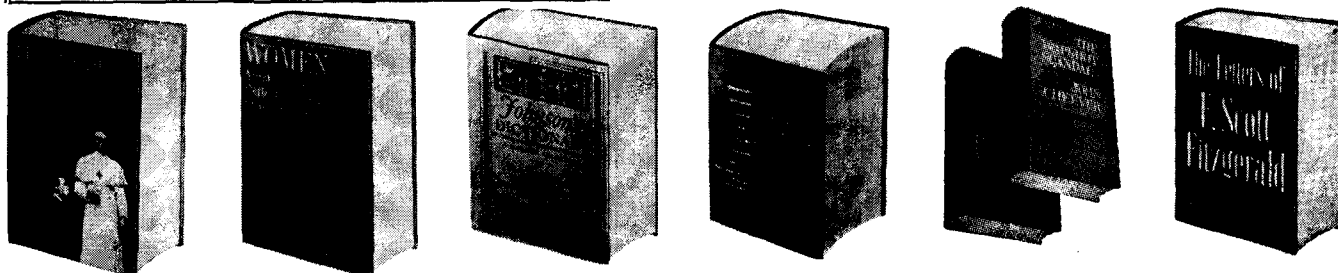
When, for instance, Percy Quartermaine, prevailed upon by daughter-in-law Flora, marries his (perfectly con-



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tented) mistress of long standing, the chief consequence of his having done the "right thing" is his extreme, and most comically described, boredom—he no longer has a mistress to go to see of an evening. Or when, for instance, Flora's husband Richard tries quite innocently to bring comfort to a bored and lonely neighbor, whose husband is conventionally indifferent to her, Flora throws a crying fit of jealousy on one occasion, when Richard comes home late for dinner; what Richard has in fact been doing is helping Flora's mother through a siege of depression. Kindness has all kinds of drawbacks. On the other hand, for instance, it is a spiteful, boldly exploitive girl who tells the young man wretchedly in love with Flora the nasty truth that Flora's own kind of exploitation (invisible to him) is ruining him.

The alternatives of this novel's world—of the soul of kindness—are the alternatives of truth that hurts and dishonesty that hurts worse. And yet it does not ever seem a "loaded" book, meretriciously cynical. Its people are all real, and they are all also either nasty, dull, weak, or stupid, but none of them is without some appealing feature, pathos at least.

The novel's humor undoubtedly accounts for a lot of its essential balance. When Miss Folley, the housekeeper, gets her feelings pinched, one reason we care is that she has so well enter-

tained us with her credible asininity:

"I always admire this," she said, "although it is modern, futuristic."

It was a *pointilliste* landscape painted before the turn of the century...

"What's it done in?"

"Done in?" Mrs. Secretan repeated, mystified.

"Yes..." Miss Folley waved her hand vaguely at the picture...

"Oils," said Mrs. Secretan. "It's an oil painting"...

"It's so good, I've always thought it was needlework."

Through her skillful display of the dangers of kindness, especially in the context of fatuity, and especially as against more blatant types of greed, Mrs. Taylor suggests the need in human relations for a difficult kind of honesty, supported, but not necessarily preceded, by generosity. Her novel, like the point it makes, is ironic without in any way being glib.

It is not a masterpiece, nor does it seem to wish to be one. But it is something just about as rare: a highly intelligent, highly controlled work of accurate serio-comic insights, as lucid as it is subtle.

How Many People, How Many Jobs?

by Edward T. Chase

There is a widely shared hunch that the *maladie du temps* has to do with the breaking down of one of history's oldest relationships, the relationship between income and work. As technology

Education Manpower and Economic Growth

Strategies of Human Resource Development

by Frederick Harbison
and Charles A. Myers
(McGraw-Hill; \$7.50)

begins to create the age of cybernation—linking computers with mechanized production, to replace man not only as a producer, but also as operator—the work-income nexus is threatened. How will he be sustained, and for what will he be compensated? Jobs disappear at the rate of perhaps 40 thousand a week, function disappears. Yet abundance increases, and the justification for partaking of that abundance, namely doing the work to produce it, now has to be established on the basis of some new rationale. Will it be an unconditional guaranteed income as proposed by the Ad Hoc Committee Of The Triple Revolution? Recently in Cleveland President Johnson himself told the Communication Workers of America he was going to build "a great society" and that "I will take further steps to make sure that every American

who wants to work can work."

The now substantial cutbacks in the armaments-space complex, with consequent mass layoffs, further agitate manpower policy issues. So, too, does an unyielding five percent unemployment rate, and a rate triple that for youth. It is a rate bound to worsen in the immediate years ahead with the coming of age of the wartime baby-boom babies—one million more youths will look for jobs in 1965 than in 1964. Only dimly beginning to be realized in this country is the degree to which a new generation is being frustrated and alienated. The recent ruckus in Harlem will help to bring this home.

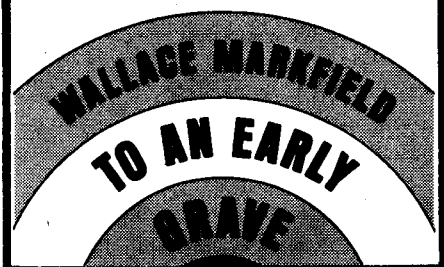
The link between social tension, delinquency and job opportunity has been underlined by the new sociologists of the opportunity theory, a descendant of the *anomie* concept of the 19th Century sociologist Emile Durkheim. Their theories are being backed in programs supported by large federal and municipal outlays in fifteen cities. The prototype program is the \$13 million Mobilization For Youth anti-delinquency project on Manhattan's Lower East Side. Finally, the anti-poverty "war" itself (the Economic Opportunity Act of 1964), with its concentration on training and subsidized work, is almost exclusively a manpower measure.

As Professors Harbison and Myers

Stanley Edgar Hyman says:

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make clear, stirrings in the academy are also directing fresh attention to the correlation between national economic growth and education-manpower policy. This is what their book is all about. Bolder economists than they—even including Dr. Walter Heller—attribute our devotion of resources to intangible human capital as accounting for over half of our economic growth in the 20th Century. Professor J. K. Galbraith, among others, pleads for us to list educational expenditures under the investment column, not under consumption, as is conventionally done.

A paradox enters here. At the very stage in history when work is to be performed by machine and presumably man bows out, with the residue of available work to be done by unskilled labor, lo, the opposite happens. The demand for highly skilled labor intensifies. It is a development that is confounding exponents of the older economic orthodoxy.

Harbison and Myer quote—though not at the length it deserves—the landmark paper in contemporary manpower theory by Theodore W. Schultz, his 1960 presidential address to the American Economic Association. Schultz's essential point was that we are ill-prepared to understand the real role of human resources because classical economics has failed to treat manpower explicitly as a form of capital, with individual units (people) having as infinite difference in value as different machines do. Instead, it has viewed labor as a capacity to do manual work and all laborers are assumed to be about equally endowed. "This notion of labor was wrong in the classical period and is patently wrong now," Schultz demonstrates. Hence the primacy of education, but it must be the right kind.

Harbison's and Myers' accomplishment is to take off from Schultz's conclusion on the significance of variations in manpower development and present a global analysis of human resources in four categories of nations: (1) the underdeveloped, (2) the partially developed, (3) the semi-advanced and (4) the advanced. Since the authors present each grouping of countries with their recommendations as to how each

should develop their human resources, their book amounts to an important blueprint for national planners. They conclude the book with a presentation of the ways in which education and manpower planning can be integrated

with a country's overall economic planning.

A fundamental point made is that for the emerging nations to transform social and political institutions they must first transform their own people. Hence

Swine!

"If the book be false in its facts, refute them. If it be false in its reasoning, disprove it. But, for God's sake, let us freely hear both sides!" These words by Thomas Jefferson are the motto of a new national magazine called FACT. FACT is published in the conviction that an unbiased and utterly fearless magazine can survive in modern America. FACT bows down before neither Big Business, Church, State, nor even before the prejudices of some of its own readers.

The first issue of FACT contains articles on "Catholic Plunder of the U.S. Treasury," "America's First Negro President" (he has already been elected: FACT reveals who he was), and on "Time: The Weekly Fiction Magazine." In the latter feature, at FACT's invitation, the following celebrities give firsthand knowledge of inaccuracies by *Time*: Irwin Shaw, Sloan Wilson, Tallulah Bankhead, Sen. Ernest Gruening, Bertrand Russell, Mary McCarthy, P. G. Wodehouse, Eugene Burdick, Conrad Aiken, John Osborne, Vincent Price, Burgess Meredith, Ralph Ingersoll, H. Allen Smith, Taylor Caldwell and others.

The second issue of FACT contains the story of how—and why—the American press hid the truth about cigarettes and cancer for 25 years; a report on millionaires who do not pay a cent in taxes; a hitherto-banned manuscript by Mark Twain; a psychological analysis of anti-Negro jokes; and more.

Scheduled for publication in future issues of FACT are: "Ameri-

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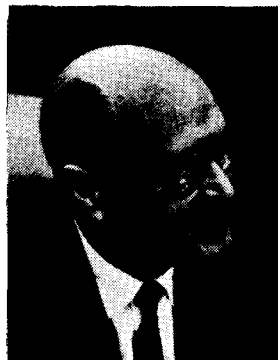
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"Thumbing the pages of this book, the reader will find thoughtful essays on the Cold War and the economics of spending for defense; on consumers, the future of suburbia, the uses and abuses of leisure, the motor car complex... and the limits of conspicuous consumption." The book under discussion is **David Riesman's** *ABUNDANCE FOR WHAT? AND OTHER ESSAYS*; the critic is Stuart Chase, in the *Saturday Review*, who calls the book a "king-sized collection... important not only for America, but for all high-energy societies..." Reviewers coast to coast echo Mr. Chase's enthusiasm. The *Washington Star* comments: "Riesman is one of our genuinely great social thinkers... *ABUNDANCE FOR WHAT?* penetrates more deeply into more crucial problems of both the present and the future than any other single recent volume. It is as close to the 'essential' as a book can be." \$6.50



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"If the Russians did not exist, would it be necessary to invent them?" In *THE RISE AND FALL OF THE SPACE AGE*, **Edwin Diamond**, *Newsweek* editor and veteran science reporter, delivers a blistering, hard-facts analysis of the American space program—its political and big business shenanigans, its multi-billion dollar economics, and its show-business psychology. The *Chicago Sun-Times* calls his book "a primer in space age disenchantment... the year's sharpest piece of space literature." And the *Washington Star* sums up much of the critical reaction by adding, "Mr. Diamond says in this book a great many things that have needed saying for a long time." \$3.95

"China is quite capable of seeking to destroy a world with which she cannot live on satisfactory terms..." In *THE CENTER OF THE WORLD: Communism and the Mind of China*, **Robert S. Elegant** moves from one province's "Four-togetherness and Five-love Inspection Day" to a penetrating analysis of the motivation behind Chinese behavior in Southeast Asia. He traces the psychological and historical reasons why the "mass mind" of Red China is unshakeably convinced that their mainland is still "the center of the world." Mr. Elegant, described by William J. Lederer as one of the six best foreign correspondents in

the world, has written a book that is both myth-shattering and compellingly readable. \$5.95

James P. Warburg has been a successful international banker; public servant; extraordinary propagandist, and one-man task force for peace. (Adlai Stevenson places him "in the great tradition of the 18th-century pamphleteers.") Now, in *THE LONG ROAD HOME: The Autobiography of a Maverick*, he describes his boyhood in Germany and America; his early financial successes; and a turbulent, changing association with FDR. (Mr. Warburg left the "Brain Trust" in 1933, wrote an anti-New Deal bestseller in the late '30s but came back to serve Roosevelt during World War II.) In the words of the *N. Y. Times Book Review*, "THE LONG ROAD HOME enriches the historical record at a number of points; and it is a valuable testament of one of the engaging and useful citizens of our time." \$5.95



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the priority that must be given to education and systematic on-the-job training, and also to better medical and public health programs, including improved nutrition – a vital matter in the vast subtropical world. On the whole, Harbison and Myers are rather conservative analysts. So it is interesting to note their disenchantment with the market as a mechanism for the optimum allocation of manpower.

They write,

"No country today can rely completely upon market forces to provide the incentives for its people to engage in the kinds of activities most critically needed for development. . . . Thus, all countries must take some deliberate measures to influence the allocation of manpower, and these measures may range from outright compulsion to various kinds of financial and non-financial inducements. In general the more rapid the pace of planned development, the more deliberate these measures must become.

"Finally, there is the crucial choice between the interests of the individual and the interests of the state in virtually all phases of human resource development. Does the state exist for the individual or the

individual for the state? The answer is never simple. A human resources strategy may have as its central goal the enhancement of the freedom, dignity, and worth of man, but man has some obligations to help build the kind of economy which can provide decent living standards and protection of basic freedom. And a philosophy which holds that individuals exist primarily to glorify the state must make some concessions to the interests of individuals if it hopes to survive. In all societies, therefore, there must be some compromise; or perhaps blending of the interests of the state and the individual."

The book is a curious and on the whole effective blend of professorial generalizations and practical insights. The authors are extremely well travelled and have intimate knowledge of most of the countries they discuss. They are able to make particularized recommendations for Egypt, for India, etc. They also advance pragmatic general suggestions, for example what they call a program of "localization" – that is, a scheduled, ten-year program for the emerging countries to replace foreigners with native citizens in key technical, professional and political posts.

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FILMS

After a 30-year career as screenwriter and director, much of which showed ambition and some of which showed achievement, Robert Rossen directed *The Hustler*, an extraordinarily well-made film. Its faults were those of the script's Hemingwayesque imitations –

Lilith (Columbia)

trying to make the pool table a substitute for the bull or prize ring as a moral arena; but, besides the sheerly cinematic excellences he gave the picture, Rossen led Paul Newman to one of his best portrayals, gave George C. Scott his first leg up the ladder from ranting to controlled, powerful acting, and did

such sleight-of-hand with Jackie Gleason that many people were convinced he had given a performance. Now Rossen has left the grimy and vernacular where he has spent so much of his career and has, surprisingly, turned to the poetically suggestive, the delicate and shadowy.

Lilith is an attempt to plunge into a half-world – the floating, distorted world of the mentally unbalanced – not for the sake of *Snake Pit* horrors but to explore meanings of reality, possibilities of compassion, emotional vulnerabilities that persist, however the context alters around them. It must be said at the outset that the film is faulty; but it is much more than head-patting

World of Shadows

to commend Rossen for a) changing his field so completely (quite uncommon among well-known directors); b) choosing a field so difficult and interesting; c) achieving some success.

With Eugen Shuftan's superb soft photography (another instance of range—Shuftan did *The Hustler* in naturalistic tonalities) and with evocative music by Kenyon Hopkins, the film begins arrestingly, with indications, rather than the presence, of its eponymous heroine. Vincent, a young war veteran, is restless and discontent, and thinks he may find satisfaction working in the (rather elegant) mental sanitarium near the Maryland town in which he lives. He is taken on as an attendant and soon meets Lilith, a patient who has made a little universe of her own music, painting, secrets. The mystery and the risky fascination of the girl are quickly persuasive. Vincent falls in love with her and—against all rules and even against specific warning—has an affair with her. He discovers eventually that she is also having a lesbian affair with another inmate, that she is quite blithe about sexual conventions, general moralities, other persons—that she is an emotional glutton, egocentric and essentially destructive. Another young inmate, male, is also enamored of Lilith, is hopeful, is at last spurned, and commits suicide. This act shocks Lilith out of her seeming normality and reduces her to the wretched state in which we last see her, sitting on the floor, isolated in her mind, far past Ophelia. The experience has wrecked

Vincent, too. He is about to wander off when he turns suddenly to the doctor and superintendent and says, "Help me." The film freezes (a bow to Truffaut) and ends.

Rossen's script, which he derived from J. R. Salamanca's novel, thus has fascinating materials. Its small echo of Chekhov's *Ward No. 6* gives it roots, rather than a derivative quality. But despite the film's excellent texture throughout dissatisfactions mount on two scores: individual incidents and organic strength. Examples of the former: Why is there not stricter supervision of Vincent after the chief doctor suspects his infatuation? Where do the lovers' meetings take place? If in the hospital, how are they unobserved? There are arrant movie touches: Vincent's scene with the husband of an old girl friend is trite and would add little if it weren't. A scene in which the superintendent looks for him and finds him, disconsolate, in a bar is as old a touch as the opening shot of that scene, a blonde at the bar.

In the larger view, events and motives do not flow together cumulatively, to produce cataclysm. The significance of the lesbian theme is not well developed. Lilith's shattering effect on Vincent does not grow, spear by spear. The other man is not convincingly driven over the edge; and why does his suicide wreck the arrogant Lilith? The net feeling of the film—which I do not state as fact—is as if it had come to the editing stage with certain key connective scenes un-shot and with no chance of shooting them, as if the film were assembled as well as possible out of the best materials available.

Some of this lack of cumulation is due to Warren Beatty's performance as Vincent. It was a good idea to cast the part against type, not with a sensitive plant like Anthony Perkins. But Beatty has only two facets to his acting technique: absolute concentration and understatement to the point of omission. Gabin, Belmondo, Brando also use these methods and frequently seem to speak volumes with them. Partly this is because they have stronger personalities than Beatty, partly it is because this is not all they can do: they have their moments of fire and outburst which

these prevalent quiet moments seem to be containing. Not Beatty, who is all small-scale intensity in an insufficient voice; so we are never convinced of the transition in him, that Lilith has roweled his soul inside out.

On the other hand, Jean Seberg, who is also cast against type as Lilith, is much more successful. The obvious casting would have been, say, Audrey Hepburn. Miss Seberg's simple beauty and Midwestern accent give an almost sisterly cover under which her conscious and unconscious malevolence can work; her qualities make the mystery all the more mysterious. This is not to imply that she succeeds only by default. Miss Seberg continues to improve as a film actress and makes some of her strokes with intelligence and feeling. But the facts of her person are a contrapuntal advantage to belief in the character.

Special mention must be made of the way Rossen and Shuftan have treated her remarkably photogenic face. There is one scene in which she gathers her skirt above her knees, wades into a still lake, and kisses her own image which—simply as photography—is as lovely as anything one has a right to expect in films.

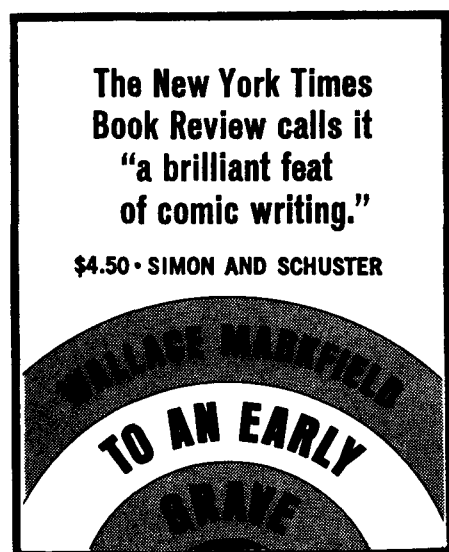
Anne Meacham, the "other" woman, is an actress in love with her own quivering soul. As the lover, Peter Fonda is, as usual, unimpressive. Kim Hunter is pleasant as the superintendent.

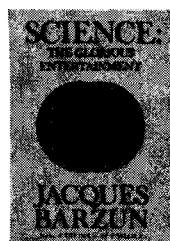
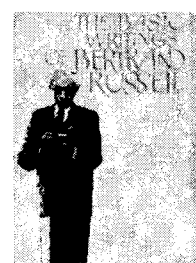
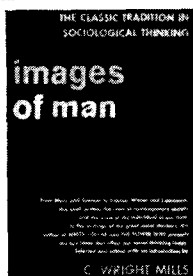
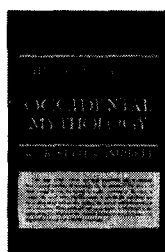
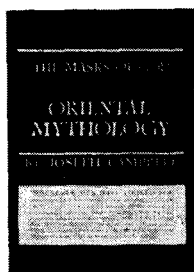
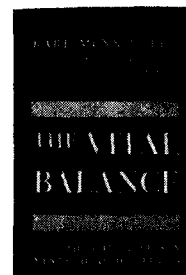
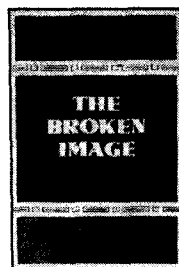
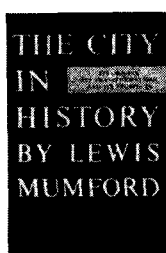
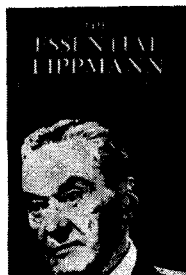
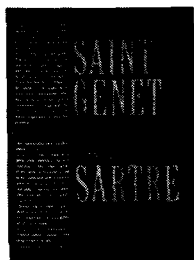
One may guess that, in Rossen's venture into a quite new sphere for him, he became less sure of his dramatic bearings or—which is another way of putting the same thing—was seduced into thinking that the poetic quality would compensate for the lack of dramatic cohesion and constant growth. Thus, for all the film's considerable merits, it disappoints.

STANLEY KAUFFMANN

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

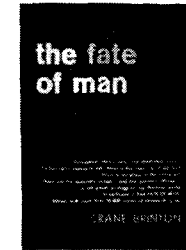
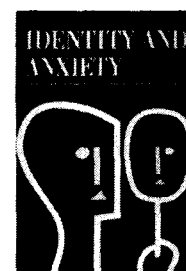
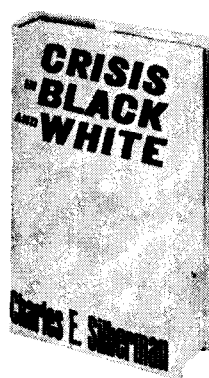
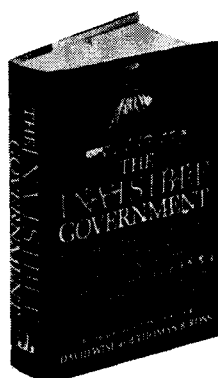
Irving Howe's newest book is *A World More Attractive*. Richard P. Brickner is at work on his second novel. Edward T. Chase is a writer and consultant on economics. Stanley Kauffmann has just been elected an honorary fellow of Morse College at Yale.





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Friends of Brandeis

Sirs:

A gremlin must have crept into someone's typewriter or note pad in the transmission of Alexander M. Bickel's generous review of my book, *Justice on Trial: The Case of Louis D. Brandeis* (August 8). As printed, the review indicates that "by far the greater part of the faculty of the Harvard Law School" joined the Boston establishment, including President Lowell of Harvard, in opposing the appointment of Brandeis to the Supreme Court.

In fact, it was the other way around. Of the 11 law school faculty members, only one opposed the nomination. Whereas 9 (including Professors Frankfurter and Roscoe Pound) supported it, and one was non-committal.

A. L. Todd
Chevy Chase, Md.

Negroes and the GOP

Sirs:

In your discussion of the GOP Platform (July 25), you state that "The general consensus is that this year's references to civil rights are the weakest and most grudging ever to appear in a Republican platform." Given the social and political context of 1964 this evaluation is certainly correct for the period since the 1940's. But the neglect of the Negro by Republican platform makers actually dates back to the 1880's when original promises were replaced by vague generalities. With the exception of a fairly strong statement about enforcement of the 13th, 14th and 15th amendments in 1908, the GOP promised little or nothing for many years, while taking the Negro vote for granted. In 1912 and 1916 there was nothing specifically about the Negro, and in 1920 only a vague sentence about lynching.

Not until 1940, after a major shift of Negro voters to the Democratic Party did the Republicans reinsert a specific plank on the Negro. Significantly this was the first presidential election in which the Democratic platform adopted a specific section on the Negro. There-

after, except for 1944, the Democratic planks on civil rights have become longer, and bolder, while the Republicans in effect merely said "me too," apparently in hopes of winning back some of the lost Negro votes. Now the great reversal of the party positions has come full circle. Goldwater's platform rejects me-tooism on civil rights, and frankly accepts the loss of the GOP's historic Negro ally. But abandonment of the Negro and rejection of the GOP's early egalitarian ideals are positions that in fact are consistent with much of the Republican Party's history.

Richard B. Sherman
Department of History
College of William and Mary

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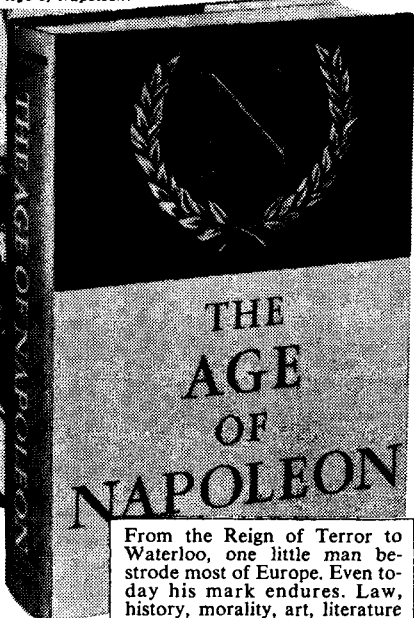
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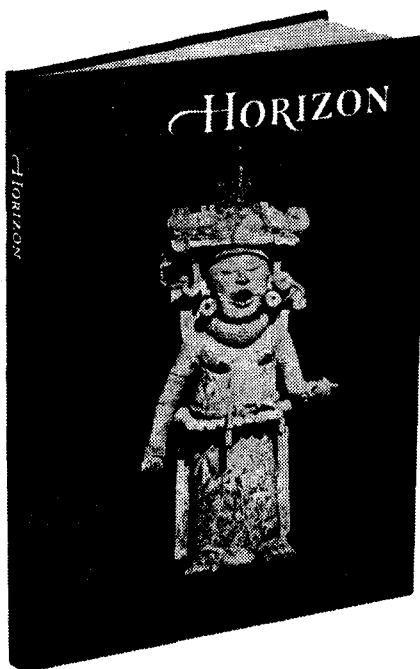
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